



No. LXXIX.]

Contents

[MAY 1889]

PAGE

The Bell of St. Paul's. Part II : VI.—VIII. I

By WALTER BESANT

A Hill-top Stronghold. 32

By GRANT ALLEN

To Daffodils : Questions. 43

By VIOLET OAKLEY

The Hon. Percy Heron. 45

By R. SHINDLER

Father Damien and the Lepers. 66

By ARCHIBALD BALLANTYNE

The Lost Bride. 78

By D. J. ROBERTSON

Lady Car: the Sequel of a Life. Chapters VIII.—X. 81

By MRS. OLIPHANT

At the Sign of the Ship. 105

By ANDREW LANG

London : LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO., 39 Paternoster Row
and New York : 15 East 16th Street



IMPORTANT TO ALL !

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.'



Sugar, Effervescing Syrups, Stimulants.

EXPERIENCE shows that *Sugar, Effervescing Syrups, Mild Ales, Port Wine, Dark Sherries, Sweet Champagne, Liqueurs, and Brandy* are all very apt to disagree; while *Light Wines and Gin, or Old Whisky, largely diluted with Soda Water*, will be found the least objectionable. ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' is peculiarly adapted for any constitutional weakness of the liver. It possesses the power of reparation where digestion has been disturbed or lost, and places the invalid on the right track to health.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.—'A new invention is brought before the public, and commands success. A score of abominable imitations are immediately introduced by the unscrupulous, who, in copying the original closely enough to deceive the public, and yet not so exactly as to infringe upon legal right—exercise an ingenuity that, employed in an original channel, could not fail to secure reputation and profit.'—ADAMS.

HEADACHE AND DISORDERED STOMACH.—'After suffering for nearly two and a half years from severe headache and disordered stomach, and after trying almost everything and spending much money without finding any benefit, I was recommended by a friend to try your "FRUIT SALT," and before I had finished one bottle I found it doing me a great deal of good, and now I am restored to my usual health; and others I know that have tried it have not enjoyed such good health for years.

'Yours most truly,—ROBERT HUMPHREYS, Post Office, Barrasford.'

THE ATLAS MOUNTAINS (MOROCCO), NORTHERN AFRICA.—Mr. Harold Crichton-Browne, in a letter from the Atlas Mountains, says:—'The Kaid of Demnat treated us so well that we desired, on leaving, to make him some acknowledgment, and presented him with a box of Huntley & Palmer's biscuits and a bottle of ENO'S "FRUIT SALT," with which he was much pleased.'—The WORLD, Sept. 12, 1888

SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHER SALINES.—'Dear Sir,—Having been in the habit of taking your "FRUIT SALT" for many years, I think it only right to tell you that I consider it a most invaluable medicine, and far superior to all other saline mixtures I have ever tried. I am never without a bottle of it in the house, as I find it possesses three most desirable qualities—namely, it is pleasant to the taste, promptly efficacious, and leaves no unpleasant after-effects. I do not wish my name to appear, but apart from the publication of that you are welcome to make use of this testimonial if it is of service.'—A DEVONSHIRE LADY.—Jan. 25, 1889.'

HOW KANDAHAR WAS WON.

'During the late Afghan War we were before Kandahar, and had been reconnoitring the enemy's position with Colonel M——'s splendid cavalry regiment, when, to our merriment, the Colonel produced a bottle of ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." "Take," he said, "an old soldier's advice;" so, to please him, we did. We emptied the bottle. And Colonel M—— gave another bottle to P——'s men. We certainly slept soundly that night, and awoke fresh as paint. Two days afterwards, the Colonel said at mess, "You fellows laughed at me about ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' but it was mainly through that stuff I gave you, you did such splendid deeds that day. Personally, "said the Colonel, "I never felt better, and so do the officers of my regiment, and we were ready to encounter half-a-dozen Ayobbs. After that the Colonel was always called "Old Eno."

From 'MESS STORIES,' by PROTEUS, pp. 126, 127, published by Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, & Co., Stationers' Hall Court, 1889.

CAUTION.—Examine each Bottle, and see that the Capsule is marked 'ENO'S FRUIT SALT.' Without it you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation.

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS. PREPARED ONLY AT

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, POMEROY STREET, NEW CROSS ROAD, LONDON, S.E.,

by J. C. ENO'S PATENT.

1 ,
•

nts.

escing
Sweet
y apt
Old
ll be
ALT'
kness
ration
places

ntion
ccess.
ately
g the
d yet
gh~
ginal
and

and a
nding
" and
usual

rd.'
Harold
ll that
lmer's
, 1888

taking
luable
in the
acious,
f that

osition
tle of
aptied
t, and
about
t day.
ady to

UIT

S.E.,



LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE.

MAY 1889.

The Bell of St. Paul's.

BY WALTER BESANT.

PART II.

CHAPTER VI.

AN INTERRUPTED RAMBLE.

THE exploration of Poet and Player Land was followed by other rambles, Althea always being guide. In this way the young man whom she conducted—never had colonial visitor so splendid a chance!—learned to surround all kinds of mean and squalid places with the halo of history and romance. They remain, it is true, mean and squalid still; but just as Bank Side itself was made glorious by the setting sun and by the goddess who came down the river in the golden mist, so the narrow lanes in which they wandered are clothed, in his mind, with the memories of the past. Nay, when he still thinks of them, he sees again the graceful figure of the girl, again he watches her earnest face, he feels again the look of her steadfast eyes, he hears her voice sweet and low. Where the crowded streets now cover what was once the splendid Abbey of Bermondsey: where Lambeth Palace stands beside the river: where were once Cupid's Gardens: where the ships stick their bowsprits across the streets of Rotherhithe: beside the pretty lake of Southwark Park: yea, and across the river in the heart of London City, the girl walked beside him, rapt and serious, recalling things that have been. It is a time which he will not

readily forget. How should he forget the happiest time in his life—those days when, for the first time in his life, he began to feel that henceforth life would be impossible without one girl? A man may suffer from such an attack and recover from it; and again he may suffer and again recover—nay, there are men who have it like a quartan fever; but the first experience is the most severe and the most delightful. Such worship can a young man bring to one woman only, in all his life. Of which more anon.

These rambles must remain unchronicled. Can we not make them out for ourselves from the London books?

But one day, a fortnight or so after their first walk, they proposed to travel, all through one afternoon, from west to east, from Puddle Dock to Tower Hill, from one end to the other of Thames Street. It was an ambitious programme, because the history of London might almost be written in Thames Street alone. Yet they attempted it, and, but for an unexpected interruption, they would have carried it through.

It was again, as on their first walk, a Saturday afternoon. On other afternoons the street is filled with noise: its cranes in the upper stories are always labouring, creaking and groaning as they lift or lower the bales: the sky is darkened with these big bales as they swing and threaten over the heads of the passengers: there is a bawling from Billingsgate which can be heard afar off: waggons lumber along and block the road: clerks hasten up and down: porters lean against posts and converse loudly, not without frequent use of the decorative word which always brightens workaday English. But on Saturday there is a holy calm. If it is a bright afternoon the sunshine on the tall warehouses makes them look like mediæval fortresses or Italian Palazzi.

One would rather walk down Thames Street than the High of Oxford, or the Cannebière of Marseilles, or the Rue St. Honoré. The modern warehouses are not in the least picturesque, yet the names which remain carry the memory back; the succession of churches, though broken here and there by the havoc of modern barbarians, marks the piety of London merchants; the narrow courts still lead to the old stairs, and the two ancient ports of Queenhithe and Billingsgate can still be seen.

The sunshine fell upon the street this afternoon as they stood at the West end of it in Printing House Square.

'You are going to teach me more history,' said Laurence. 'Shall we become ghosts once more?'

'If you like,' she replied. 'But there is a great deal more history here than I can teach you in a single afternoon. Come.'

Then she began to talk. London began in Thames Street, where two little hillocks, with a brook between, rose above the river, on either side a swamp. When the hillocks were quite built upon and still there was not room enough for the trade which continued to grow, they built a river wall and more houses behind it; and then they constructed their two ports, and as they grew richer they began to build stately houses upon the river wall: at one end Baynard's Castle and at the other the Tower: in the midst Cold Harbour and the King's Steelyard. Here lived the Hanse merchants: here were the Halls of City Companies: in the streets leading up the hill at the back stood many a noble mansion in its courtyard, full of precious carvings, rich tapestry and caskets from foreign parts: along the street was a succession of noble churches, each with its monuments and tombs, its vaults and its churchyard filled with the bones of dead citizens.

'Do you see the dead citizens walking in the streets?' asked Laurence.

'Sometimes,' she replied, with a little blush. 'On Sunday morning, when there has been no one in the street but myself, I have met Sir Richard Whittington, tall and thin, grey-bearded, with a chain of esses round his neck and a black velvet coat over his silk doublet. He is a very stately figure: he carries himself with dignity, and in his face there is Authority.'

Then Althea led her scholar down the narrow courts to the river-side, and up the streets which lead to the higher part: she showed him the churches and the places where the churches had been: Whittington's College and the place where his bones are lying still: the Companies' Halls: the port of Queenhithe, which still preserves its ancient form though the buildings round it are modern: the great houses still standing, and the ancient stairs and wharves—she was filled to overflowing with the history of the whole.

When they were as yet no more than half-way down the street occurred the interruption which has been already mentioned. Althea stopped at the corner of a street leading north. A little way up the street there was a church Tower set a little back, and, projecting from its face, a great clock reaching half-way across the street, with a curious little figure upon it. This church led to the Unexpected Event which changed the aspect and the memory of that walk.

'It is the church of St. Leonard le Size,' she said. 'I wonder if you would like to see it. There is not a great deal to

see, but the wood carvings are fine, and it is Aunt Cornelia's Church. She is always there.'

'Aunt Cornelia's church! My brain reels. Is she the Rector, or the Vicar, or perhaps the Curate only?'

Althea laughed.

'Why,' she said, 'Aunt Cornelia is the pew-opener and caretaker.'

'Oh!' His face fell. The drop from Rector or Vicar—at one time he had even thought of Bishop or Archdeacon—to Caretaker and Pew-opener was sudden and overwhelming. His cousin too! He would have greatly preferred hearing that she was the Incumbent of the Living.

'Her husband was Sexton of the church, and so she got the place. Mr. Waller, I thought you knew that at Bank Side we are all humble people. What else could you expect?'

'I have found, Miss Indagine, what no one would have expected.'

'You mean that you have found my father.' He did not exactly mean that, but the girl said it in the most perfect innocence and without any consciousness of what another girl would have seen at once. Therefore he accepted the interpretation with meekness.

'Why not a pew-opener?' he replied. 'Pews must be opened. It is a part of the Church Ritual. Where there are pews there must be pew-openers. In the early Church—but I forget the Greek for pew-opener——' Then a curious arithmetical problem arose in his brain and took the form of a sum in Rule of Three: 'If a Pew-opener be described as in the Church, what may be the limits of the Higher Branch?' But he reserved the solution of this problem for a fitting opportunity.

'Come and see the church,' said Althea, 'and Aunt Cornelia in it.'

'Why do you call her Aunt? You are no relation of the Cottles, are you?'

'No, indeed. But I have known Cassie and Flavia all my life, and so, you see, I have got into the way. Here is the porch.'

She would have led the way into the church, but stopped and drew back.

'Oh!' she murmured, with pity in her voice. 'Here is that poor creature again.'

From the church within there were heard voices: first, a hard measured voice, speaking with precision, and as the words were

harsh, they seemed to fall like hammers. The other was a soft and gentle voice, replying humbly.

'You mean to stand there and tell me that you have dusted and swept the whole church—the whole church—in this short time?'

'Yes.'

'You've forgotten the organ.'

'I have not forgotten anything.'

'Then there was never any money so easily earned. I wonder you are not ashamed to take it. Here's your shilling. Take it and go. A shilling indeed! More than half of it is Charity. Don't let me see your face again till Saturday next. Well—why don't you go? What are you stopping for?'

'I owe for three weeks' rent—seven and sixpence. Where am I to find seven and sixpence? All this week I have only earned three and eightpence, counting this shilling. Three shillings and eightpence! Three and eightpence! Think of trying to live on three and eightpence for a whole week! When I've paid one week's rent, there is one and twopence left for food.'

'You have only got what you deserved to get. You have made your bed. Now lie upon it.'

'Oh! Cornelia, have you no pity?'

'You are a disgrace to the family. Pity? Don't I give you work and a shilling a week? Isn't that Christian Forgiveness?'

'Let me go and ask Claudia.'

'No. You shall not trouble Claudia. If you venture to trouble Claudia or Lucius it will be the worse for you. Get work. It is all you can do. Go away, I say, and look for work.'

The woman came out, walking slowly and with bent figure. She was no longer young, but her face was still sweet and must once have been beautiful. Now it was pinched with privation and heavy with trouble. She was very poorly dressed: in a black gown with some kind of jacket mournful in decay and a very battered bonnet. Althea ran to meet her, taking her by both hands, the tears in her eyes.

'Oh,' she said, 'I heard all. Why—why—did you not come to tell me? I might have done something.'

'She won't let me. I am never to go on the other side at all for fear I should meet Claudia and Lucius or be recognised by the children. Oh! as if my own sister would recognise me now—let alone the children, who have never seen me!'

'Then I will come to you since you must not come to me. I

cannot pay your rent for you because I have no money at all—no—not a shilling in the world. But we can talk and perhaps we shall find out a way somehow. Good-bye. Go home straight. I will come to you presently.'

The poor woman walked slowly away. Laurence looked on wondering, not knowing what this might mean. Then Althea joined him again with the manner of one who wished the late incident to be regarded as closed.

'Come,' she said. 'Let us go into the church.'

They found Aunt Cornelia sitting in a hard, straight-backed chair without arms, a chair of Penance, in the antechamber, Galilee or Pronaos—a large and comfortable room beautifully wainscoted with mahogany, now two hundred years old and more, and black, but lustrous. There was a religious obscurity in the place. The Pew-opener's chair was outside the doors of the church, and if Aunt Cornelia had been forming part of a grand concerted piece with a thousand eyes upon her she could not have sat with greater solemnity. As for the admonition she had just bestowed upon her humble sister, that had left no ripple upon the serenity of her face. She sat with her hands in her lap, bolt upright, as one who knows her dignity. She was an officer of the church, which, with its pews, prayer-books, bibles, hassocks, curtains, cushions, beadle's mace, its tablets, its vestry, its cupboard with the Sacramental Plate, and its Registers, was all under her care. It has been observed concerning ladies of this profession, that whereas most women find repose impossible and must still be at work with needle or knitting, unless they are talking, reading, shopping, or at the Theatre, pew-openers are gifted with the power of sitting still without doing anything at all: and of sitting alone and in silence. They are, to be sure, generally old: they have, thanks to their office, no anxiety about the daily bread: their season of love and its alarms is over long ago: they are at rest: the calm of the church has entered into their souls: they desire no physical activity. Sailors of the old school, accustomed to long spells of calm and to long hours of idle watch with the trade wind blowing steady and not a sail to change, used to arrive at a similar restfulness of soul.

Cornelia looked up as they entered from the Porch. She recognised them with a smile of welcome, or perhaps of pride. To be surprised by her lodger in the full discharge of her official duties was gratifying. Thus should every zealous servant be discovered!

'Aunt Cornelia,' said Althea, 'I have brought Mr. Waller to see the church.'

'I will show him the church,' she said rising. 'I dreamed last night that I was chopping wood. It is a sure sign of a stranger.'

She opened the door and led the way into the church within. The round-headed windows were filled with modern painted glass: there was a good deal of gilding about the East, over the altar hung a great painting: the pulpit and reading desk, organ gallery, and wherever room could be found for it, were covered with wood carvings of fruit and flowers. On the walls, between the windows, hung tablets to the memory of dead parishioners. It is a very ancient parish: thousands of good citizens lie buried in its vaults: but the Great Fire burned the ashes of all who were there when it flamed through the church and changed the stone carvings and the splendid tombs into lime and powder. Half-a-dozen Lord Mayors, at least, lie here; and Heaven only knows how many Aldermen, Common Councilmen, and Ancient Masters of the City Company which came here every year on its High Day.

Cornelia displayed the treasures of the church with the air—few pew-openers or vergers achieve it—of a lady showing her own picture gallery or library. She was at once modest and proud. Laurence followed her, admiring mechanically. Indeed, there are many Churches in London City more interesting than that of St. Leonard le Size, and it was not conceived in Wren's happiest mood. The young man was thinking of his cicerone. Cornelia was in the Church. Cannot a lady be in the Church except in this humble position? Shameful! And his mother—remembering this little prim figure with the big head and the smooth black hair plastered flat to the sides and brought up behind the ear—could still believe that her cousins represented the Higher School of Manners. His mother, the most gracious, the best mannered lady in the Colony! And who was the Disgrace to her Family?

Cornelia led them back into the Porch. Laurence thought that they had seen everything. But she took out a candlestick from some secret recess and lit the candle in it, saying, severely, 'You must see the Body before you go.'

The Body! Was there, then, going to be an Inquest? Perhaps: for at the appearance of the candlestick Althea fled.

Cornelia found a key upon her bunch and unlocked one of the mahogany panels which differed in no respect from the others, save that it had a keyhole, invisible, except by the light of a

candle. When the panel was opened it disclosed, behind a sheet of glass six feet high, a dried-up body standing bolt upright, its head a little bent and its eyelids cast down, as if ashamed of being seen in such a withered, naked, helpless, imprisoned condition, its flesh long since shrivelled and dead, the skin clinging tight to the bones, its cheeks fallen in, its lips, thin and white, drawn tightly over the projecting teeth.

‘Good Heavens!’ cried Laurence. ‘What are you going to do with a mummy?’

‘He was found,’ said Cornelia, changing the position of the candle so as to bring out the best points of the Body, ‘in the vaults when they were examined before bricking them up for good. The other corpses were gone to bones and dust, but this one, you see, was somehow preserved. He dried up. Because it was such a curious thing they brought him up and made a cupboard for him behind the wainscoting. A beautiful Body he is, to be sure. Six feet high he must have been, with a very fine leg of his own, they tell me. And there’s an arm for you!’ The shrivelled limb with the skin tight to the bone hung at his side. ‘There’s a breadth of shoulder. I wonder sometimes who he was: not a common person, to be buried in the vaults. Perhaps a Lord Mayor or the Master of a Company. He’s worn a gold chain in his time and sat in a chair of office. Well,’ she sighed, holding the candle before the bent head still covered with lank hair, ‘I dare say his eyes were young once, like yours, young man.’ Laurence shuddered. ‘As he is now, so shalt thou be. Then go away and think of me. He is company for me while I am sitting alone here, especially in the dusk. I think there’s two of us in the church to look after it—him and me. Many a time I light the candle and unlock the panel just to look at him and to give him a little light. Little do the people think when they come here of a Sunday—they do come—sometimes I’ve counted as many as thirteen at service, all at once—I say—little do they think what is behind the wainscot. Sometimes I long to open the door and show them what we’ve got here. You’re a beauty, you are!’ She bobbed the candle up and down so that the light produced the appearance of what we call play of feature—and it was very ghastly. ‘As he is now, so shall they be. Then let them go away and think of—of he.’ She stroked the glass with her hand and tenderly patted it as if she were patting the cheek of the Body in order to cheer and comfort him in his long imprisonment. Then she sighed regretfully, as one who laments

that friends must part, blew out the candle, and locked the panel.

There was nothing more to show. She had done her duty. She retired to her chair and resumed her seat, her lips pursed, her hands crossed in her lap, as if the interview were over and she must now be left to continue her silent watch over the empty church with her brother guardian the Body. Laurence left her sitting watchful and silent in this place of shadows. Without, he found Althea waiting for him, clothed with sunshine. Within, age, shadow, silence, and death presented in its most hideous form. Without, youth and light, sunshine and beauty.

'Do you know,' he asked, 'this dreadful thing that they have got there?'

'I saw it once,' she replied shuddering.

'And she sits there all day with that awful Body close beside her?'

'All day long and every day. The church is always open and no one ever goes into it. She is always alone. She likes the Body. Hush! Cassie once found her sitting in front of the open panel with two candles, and she was talking to the Body.'

'I should not be surprised to learn that on dark days the Body walked out of the cupboard and that they took a turn together in the vaults below. But that she should sit and talk to it—I wonder what the Body talks about. However, it fully accounts for Aunt Cornelia's pale face.'

'Shall we go on with Thames Street?'

'Shall we shut the book of history here? Aunt Cornelia has put me off the antiquities of Thames Street. Sometimes—don't you think so?—the Living are more interesting than the Dead. She sits in the dark empty church all day and she talks to a Body behind a glass. And she blows up the unfortunate Disgrace to the Family—the Family!' He remembered suddenly that it was his own. 'Who is she? Who is she? You know her. Who is the Disgrace, and what is her name?'

'I have seen her here and I have gone to her lodgings with her. She is horribly, dreadfully poor. That is all I know about her. She does not like to talk about herself, but I am sure she is in some way connected with the Cottles.'

'Curious! She reminded me—but that is absurd. The longer I stay in Bank Side, Miss Indagine, the more interesting the place becomes. Think how great must be the dignity of the Cottles since it will not suffer the Disgrace to be within walking distance,

The Disgrace! She interests me greatly. May I be permitted—will you suffer me—to pay the poor thing's arrears of rent for her? Thank you very much. This poor Disgrace! Thank you very much. I have had a most delightful afternoon. Everything was new to me. Cornelia's church: and the Disgrace: and the Body—I do hope the Body enjoyed the little change of having his panel opened. You will tell me, won't you, Miss Indagine?—about the Disgrace. Do not, please—I entreat you—do not let her want. Did you notice what a soft voice she had and what a sweet face? She reminded me—somehow—she made me think—of my own mother.'

CHAPTER VII.

SUNDAY MORNING.

AT a quarter before eleven on the Sunday morning there is wafted across the river the mingled cling-clang-clash of a hundred bells—made melodious by the soft influence of distance—from St. Dunstan's in the West to St. Dunstan's in the East or even St. George's, Ratcliffe. They call the London citizens to church, as they have called them for a thousand years. Alas! These citizens hear no more the pious call. Along the leafy lanes of Weybridge, on the breezy *chaussée* of Hampstead Heath, over the turf of Wimbledon, across the furzy common of Barnes, everywhere—all round London—they are moving Churchwards, obedient to the harsh tinkle of the little bell in the perky new suburban church: but the loud tongue of the sonorous City bell strikes not upon their ears.

On the South side also they are not without their bells. They ring out lustily from the pinnacles of St. Mary Overy, from the tall needle of Horselydown, from the squab tower of St. Tooley and from St. George of the merry Borough. They make all together—the bells of the City and the bells of the Borough—such a ringing, resonant, rolling consonation and concert of invitation, that one feels how mean and poor-spirited must be the creature who would refuse to enter a church after this magnificent overture, and how very much to be pitied is the poor Dissenter, who hath no part or share in it, and no such preliminary heart-awakener played for him on his way to Chapel. Yet the Churches—both of City and of Borough—are reported to be generally empty.

Laurence stood at the head of the stairs, gazing across the river. He was sothing his spirit in the manner customary to

young men after breakfast. It may be observed that no opposition was now made to the profanation of the Academy by the use of the weed at any time. Suspicion of all kinds had wholly vanished. The lodger had subdued all hearts. Even the punch-bowl was restored to its place without anxiety: relations of a truly fraternal character were established with the girls: this young man, in fact, carried so much cheerfulness about him that he could communicate some of it to everybody and never feel the loss. Cornelia herself regarded him with friendly eyes. But this morning his face, usually so cheerful, was touched with anxiety.

Beside him, on the wooden bench of that rough belvedere already spoken of, sat Cassie. She was so daintily dressed in her Sunday 'Things' that she ought to have felt and looked happy. Alas! a pretty bonnet and a becoming costume will cause a girl to forget a good many things—long hours of work, nagging, an empty purse, an insufficient dinner—but under certain afflictions even the consolations of dress fail. Cassie carried her prayer-book; presumably therefore she was going to Church, but she hardly looked as if the consolations of religion would greatly help her. Dark circles ringed her eyes: her soft cheeks were pale: her rosebud lips were set hard: her shapely head was drooping. These were signs of distress; of storm; perhaps of temper. Laurence glanced at her from time to time with anxious eyes, but said nothing. He was wise. If you want a girl to tell you a thing, leave it unquestioned. Then that thing will grow and swell up within her mind until it must be spoken and further reticence is impossible.

While the rolling and the riot of the bells were at their highest, Lucius came forth from the house. He was dressed in black, brushed with neatness. His father always showed his respect for Sunday by wearing black, and he was not the man to bring contempt upon his ancestors by changing any old customs. When George the Fourth was king, great merchants,—ay, and great lawyers, both of the Higher and the Lower Branch—always went to church in black. The custom still survives on Bank Side and elsewhere. If, for instance, you watch a row of houses in the respectable suburb of Stratford or Mile End a little before Church time, you will presently observe a swarming of families in the direction of Church or Chapel: you will also observe that the head of each family is clothed from head to foot in black. This fashion, however, is going out: a few short years more and it will have vanished—gone to the limbo of all bygone fashions. With the

Sunday black Lucius assumed an air of more individual responsibility and greater dignity. This is natural, and even praiseworthy. Man is a slave all the week: on Sunday he is free: he goes to Church as a voluntary act: he goes to his office or shop because he must. Besides, on Sunday he goes before the Lord of all, who will presently redress every injustice. This thought uplifts his heart and straightens his back.

'I trust, Mr. Waller,' he said, crossing the road, and looking with visible apprehension at his daughter, 'that you go to Church. Some young men, I learn in Chambers—we in Chambers learn a great deal of the outer world—are conspicuous, lamentably conspicuous, for the neglect of that duty.'

Laurence replied briefly that at Sydney he went to Church regularly. He remarked that the manner of the little man betrayed a state of great nervous agitation. He naturally connected this with Cassie's stormy looks. The girl, for her part, at the appearance of her father, turned her head away and looked across the river. This gesture Laurence made haste to connect with a family row.

'My dear,' said Lucius, with apprehensive voice, 'your sister is now drawing on her gloves. You are also ready, I hope, for the . . . the calm and tranquillity of Church?'

Cassie made no reply. The wise man bows before the feminine mood: Lucius did not press the question. He turned to Laurence instead.

'To give,' he said, endeavouring to assume a judicial calm, 'moral support to the Establishment is the duty of every good Englishman. It was my father's unbending rule. For my own part, since the official connection of my sister with the Church of St. Leonard le Size, I have supported the Establishment by a weekly morning attendance there. The congregations are scanty, but the sermons appeal to the reason. I hope, Mr. Waller, that we may see you amongst us some day.'

He walked away without appearing to notice his daughter's defiant and rebellious attitude, delicately and carefully, as one who would not stain or spot his silver buckles or white silk stockings with the dust and mud of the road.

Then Flavia came out, buttoning her gloves and accompanied by her brother. She was dressed, like Cassie, in her best bonnet and her Sunday frock. They made Cassie look prettier, but they only made her look more prim and formal,

Sempronius ran across the road.

'Come along, Cass,' he said.

Cassie turned her shoulder again.

'You've had your flare-up,' said the horrid boy. 'Take and have done with it. What's the use of being cross with Flavia? She's done nothing.'

Cassie returned no reply. Then Flavia herself came across.

'Are you going to St. Leonard's, Flavia?' Laurence asked.

It will be observed that he had by this time arrived at the Christian name, which is a great step, and shows that confidence is firmly established. If you spend most of your evenings with friendly girls, and are yourself easy and sympathetic and ready to make advances, it is not difficult to arrive quickly at the Christian name.

'No, Mr. Waller, we are not going to St. Leonard's. Father goes because he makes himself believe that it is grand for Aunt Cornelia to be a pew-opener. We don't; we go to St. Saviour's. Come, Cassie, if you are going too, it is time to start.'

Cassie shook her head impatiently.

'Well—but you needn't keep in a temper.'

'Leave her alone, Flavia,' said Laurence. 'Go on to church and we will join you presently.'

'I've got to call for Althea. You can follow if you like.'

'Oh! If Miss Indagine goes with you——'

'Of course,' said Flavia, not lightly, but seriously, 'if she is going you will go too.' She walked away before Laurence fully understood what the meaning of her words might be. But they brought a slight suffusion to his cheek.

Then the bells left off ringing and a sweet silence fell upon the Bank. All those who go to church were by this time within the sacred walls. Those who do not go to church—it is said these unhappy persons are in the majority—were lying in bed. Those who live in the Liberty of the Clink and its vicinity mostly lie in bed all Sunday morning. Whether they go to church in the evening or not is doubtful. Perhaps, in the great ugly barracks of Red Cross Street, where so many thousands are bestowed, there are House or College Chapels where they hold services of prayer and praise. Otherwise one fears——. However, Bank Side at the hour of Morning Prayer is as quiet as if St. Saviour's was crammed and the walls of all the Dissenting Chapels were bulging with pressure of worshippers.

Laurence knocked out the ashes of his pipe.

'Cassie, old chap,' he said, 'there's been a shindy of some sort, I perceive.'

'It was all my fault,' she burst out. 'Oh! I've got such a horrid temper. But I didn't mean what I said. They ought to know that I didn't mean it. Oh, I'm so miserable that I don't know what I did say.'

'Come, you promised last night that you'd tell me all about it. Better tell me than fly in a rage with your own people. Flavia has done nothing, as Sempronius said.'

She hung her head and made no reply.

'Isn't it better to have it out with me than to spoil their pleasure at home?'

She was still silent.

'I'm as hard as nails. Hit me and hammer me. I shan't mind. If you feel like it, box my ears. Nobody's looking.'

She shook her head.

'Well, then, if you won't tell me anything, shall we get up and go to church with the others? But church in such a frame of mind as this . . . really, Cassie.'

The girl had risen when he proposed to go to church. Now she sat down again and burst into tears.

'The air is fresh this morning, and the sun is warm,' said Laurence, looking another way. 'It is, perhaps, better for us to be here than in church, particularly if you are going to talk to me. St. Paul's looks splendid in the sunshine. If you come to think of it, there isn't a better place for a quiet talk in the whole of London than Bank Side on a fine summer morning, is there? Nobody to disturb us: a comfortable bench, which might be cleaner, to sit down upon: a fine warm air: and the river at our feet.'

Cassie went on sobbing and crying, regardless of Wren's masterpiece and ungrateful for the sunshine.

'I don't know,' Laurence continued, unheeding, 'whether I don't prefer this sunshine to the moonlight. Of course——' He went on talking as if the girl was in that mood for sympathetic listening which makes women who can command it so dangerous to unprotected man. 'Of course, Cassie, I shall always think that the sunset is the finest time for Bank Side, especially when two goddesses come down from Heaven in a golden shell. Last night the moon was riding in great splendour over the river, wasn't she? I mean when I came out at ten, and found you leaning over the wall and looking at it.'

She made no reply ; but she left off crying and dried her eyes.

'That is,' he explained, 'you were not looking at it; you were crying into the river, just as you are doing now. It made a dangerously high tide, this morning. Cassie, my child, you promised to tell me all about it—you know you did. You said you would tell me this very morning; whereas, on the contrary, instead of having it over first and crying over it afterwards, you have been mixing up the proper order. You've sent your father to church all of a tremble, as they say, and you've bullied your inoffensive sister. Come, Cassie' (he laid a fraternal hand on hers), 'all the week through you've been miserable, pretending to be jolly when you fancied a fellow was looking at you——'

'I thought,' said Cassie simply, 'that you only had eyes for Althea.'

'Why do you think that?' Laurence asked, a blush upon his manly cheek.

'You are always with her. You go out upon the river together: you walk with her: you spend your evenings with her at home: you follow her with your eyes——'

'Yes—yes—enough said, Cassie.'

'How can anybody wonder?'

'Anybody wonder?' he echoed.

'There isn't in the whole world,' said Cassie loyally, 'another such a girl as Althea.'

'I begin to be quite certain that there isn't. In fact—I've been quite certain for some little time. There, Cassie—you have my secret: give me your own in exchange.'

'My own—my secret. Oh! It is nothing. It is not worth telling.'

'You are in trouble,' he said. 'Have you told Flavia?'

'No.'

'Nor Althea?'

'No. I have told Althea——' she paused. 'I have told Althea—what was not the truth.'

'Perhaps if you tell me exactly what you told her I shall be able to reverse the statement and so get at the truth.'

'I cannot tell you. Oh!'—she burst into tears once more. 'I am so miserable—so dreadfully unhappy. I wish I could die. I never thought I would be so unhappy. And nobody can help—nobody—not even you—though you seem to be helping everybody—Mr. Indagine and all.'

'Cannot I help you too?'

'No—no.'

'I must guess then. Listen, Cassie, and tell me if I am right. There was once a girl—a very pretty girl she was—very pretty indeed—like you in that respect.' Cassie smiled through her tears—a weak, wan, December smile. 'She lived just as you do in a—a—yes—a romantic house beside the river far from the usual haunts of people, so that she had very few friends. She belonged, like you, to a most respectable family. Her father, just like yours—was a lawyer—in the Higher Branch—a Barrister.'

'Father is a Barrister's clerk,' said Cassie.

'Oh!' This discovery was a blow even harder to bear than the discovery of Cornelia's real relations with the Church. A barrister's clerk! So much dignity: such a carriage: such conversation: such an eighteenth-century manner—and only a clerk—a barrister's clerk! It seemed impossible. Cornelia was in the Church—a pew-opener in the Church. Lucius was in the Law—in the Higher Branch—a clerk in the Higher Branch. Where was the family greatness? But there remained the Prophetess. He would still hope something from the Prophetess.

'To be sure'—he dissimulated the weight of the blow—'I meant Barrister's clerk. Like your father, I said, in the Higher Branch. That, you see, was the point of similarity. In the Higher Branch. As for respectability, this girl, like you, actually had a grandfather. The ghost of her grandfather—so great was their respectability—still lingered on the scene of his former family happiness. At night he sat upon the chest of drawers in the Best Bedroom, and if any fellow smoked a pipe in the room he used to cough and say "Tcheehee! Tcheehee! You violate the Sanctity of the Academy."'

Cassie looked uncertain whether she ought to laugh. Was it possible to laugh at her grandfather—Vicesimus Cottle?

'In a street near theirs was a house to which a young man belonged'—Cassie here coloured violently—'a dark-haired young man—a very remarkable young man to look at—he had a clever face, with very bright black eyes. And the young man cast eyes of admiration upon this pretty girl and presently told her that he loved her—that he loved her,' Laurence repeated. 'So far it is a beautiful story, because the girl began to love him in return and to think about him a great deal—I dare say all day and night. Then he gave her presents, just to mark his love, and promised fidelity, and went away. He was abroad—how long?'

'Six months,' Cassie murmured.

'He was absent for six months. Then he came back to London and got an appointment and did something fine which made people talk of him and expect great things of him. So that the girl grew prouder of him every day.'

'Every day,' Cassie murmured.

'And he seemed to love her as much as ever.'

'At first, as much as ever,' she repeated.

'Which, of course, was not to be wondered at, because she was a girl so pretty and so good. He wrote her beautiful letters, not only while he was away, but also after he came home.'

'Oh! he did—he did—the most beautiful letters you can imagine.'

'And then—then,' Laurence hesitated, 'he grew less affectionate. Gradually. She did not observe it at first—by degrees.'

'No—no—no,' Cassie cried, 'it was not by degrees: it was suddenly. Oh! there was no sign of any change. It was all of a sudden—without any warning at all. He loved me in the evening and in the morning he loved me no longer. What had I done—what had I done—to make such a change?'

'Nothing at all.'

'In the evening he held my hand in his and kissed me and wouldn't let me go, and the next day he wrote me a cruel dreadful letter, saying that it was all a mistake, and as for love, he found he had been quite wrong, because he did not love me at all. That was a week ago. Now you know why I have looked miserable. And oh! oh! Mr. Waller, what could I have done or said to break off all his love for me in a single moment?'

'Nothing at all,' he said a second time.

'He did love me—I saw it in his eyes—I felt it when he touched me. How *can* a man love a girl in the evening and hate her in the morning?'

'He cannot,' said Laurence.

'Could anyone have told him anything? But there was nothing to tell. And I have no enemies. If we have no friends, we have no enemies. There is not a single person who would do me a mischief—I am certain there is not.'

'No one has done you a mischief, except the man himself, Cassie.'

'Oh, I am so miserable. I cannot tell anybody. I am afraid to tell Flavia. No one can help me. It is so shameful—so dreadful—to be thrown away like a thing you want no more. And he will never—never—never love me again.'

'If I were you,' said Laurence, 'since the man has acted like a blackguard'—the girl winced as if she had been struck with a whip—'a blackguard, I say,—best face the truth—I would put him out of my mind altogether.' This he said, ignorant of woman's heart.

'I cannot—oh! I cannot. And please don't call him hard names. It hurts me even that you should think hardly of him. Though he will never love me again—never—never—never.'

Laurence looked across the river with great determination, trying to fix his eyes—which were a little hazy, no doubt with the freshness of the breeze—on the golden cross of St. Paul's.

'My dear child,' he said presently, 'I guessed what was going on. As for the reason—there can be but one. Has Oliver transferred his valuable affections to someone else?' He remembered the comedietta seen from the Bridge. 'Has he told the same tale to another girl?'

'No—no. He thinks of nothing but his Laboratory and his science. He only told me—oh! it was cruel—but I could console myself with—— I cannot say it.'

'Was it with me, Cassie? That was—bad form'—his face betrayed a stronger phrase. 'Very bad form indeed. Poor little girl! I am very sorry. If you think that he was jealous——'

'No—no—no. He was not jealous. Nobody could be jealous when you only have eyes for Althea.'

'What did you tell Althea?'

'She suspected something—I don't know why'—lovers are exactly like the fabled bird of the desert who hides his head in the sand and thinks himself invisible—'and she asked me, and I told her a falsehood. I said that nothing had passed between Oliver and me.'

'Does no one know at home?'

She shook her head. There had been no signs, of course—nothing at all—which should make her sister suspect. No walks with Oliver in the evening: no tell-tale glances: no blushes: and now no tears and misery. Of course no one suspected and no one knew.

I suppose that Laurence was too young and inexperienced to know how great a disaster had fallen upon this unfortunate damsel. If a woman throws over her lover he recovers in time from his rage and disappointment and discovers that there are other women in the world quite as good as the one who has refused him. It is only in

the penny novelette that a man hurls himself to the devil because a woman throws him over. Nor indeed, in a similar position, does a woman die of a broken heart. She lives. But she is wounded and the scars do not heal. She never finds another completely to take the place of the one who has deserted her. She promised herself to him: she gave him her heart: she showed to him the secrets of her soul: she took the image and thought of him into her mind, thinking that they would dwell there all her life: she loved the man, apart from the accidents of his comeliness, his strength, his genius, his birth, his reputation: he was the one man in all the world to her: whatever he might do, whether he should succeed or whether he should fail, mattered only to her so far as it should make him happy or miserable: it was enough for her that the man loved her: for her he was white and ruddy, the chiefest among ten thousand: his head as the most fine gold: his mouth most sweet: yea, altogether lovely, O daughters of Jerusalem! To a woman there is no misery in the world more dreadful: there is no blow of fate more bitter: than the loss of her lover. He loves her no more: then she is no longer beautiful, no longer sweet: her very self-respect is torn from her: all her future—the splendid sunlit mist which wraps the future of a girl who has a lover—is destroyed: she is no longer one of the happy and endless procession which walks two by two across the stage of Life: yet she has left the crowd of maidens who wait together for their lovers: and she must now walk alone. Alas! poor Cassie!

Laurence began to whisper such words of consolation as he could find. What words? What consolation? The girl was bereaved. In bereavement who can console? The Art of Consolation has not yet been discovered. Nothing can console, unless it be forgetfulness: wherefore the bottle, in some cases—but this is elementary. We look for an anæsthetic of the heart under which we shall suffer bereavement without pain and lie sleeping till the sharpness and agony are overpast. 'I cannot bear it,' cries the widow. 'Then, Madam,' says the physician, 'what will you do?' 'He has left me: he loves me no longer: I cannot bear it,' said Cassie. 'Then, child,' said Laurence, 'what will you do?'

Well: but only to cry out is something: to tell somebody else is a relief: to weep in solitude is to shed tears of rage and despair. If anybody will explain why Cassie found a greater relief in confessing to a brand-new friend and that a young man, than in

confessing to her old friend Althea or to her sister, he will throw fresh light upon the female character.

They sat together on the shabby old bench among the barges and the heaps of scrap-iron and the cranes. Laurence told stories, all out of his own head, concerning the folly of girls who continue to think of men after they have proved themselves worthless: how their youth is wasted in melancholy and their age consumed by regrets: and of the wickedness of bestowing continued love upon men who do not deserve that supreme gift, and how to youth such love brings no happiness and to age it brings repentance. No one would believe that so young a man could be so eloquent on such a theme. Hard it is upon the historian that he cannot spare the space for so admirable a discourse. Unhappily it produced no effect—not the least in the world. Cassie loved this man: it is the way of a woman. Solomon himself could not understand it: and it was too wonderful even for Agur the son of Jakeh. She loved the man whether he was worthless or not. She would gladly have arisen to go forth with him to the ends of the world, even if he went on getting worse and worse. She would love him and be unhappy—yet less unhappy than if she had been separated from him. Therefore, Laurence spoke as one that beateth the air.

Then he changed his line and spoke of Time—Time the Healer. He called it Time the Healer. It is a very old commonplace and it is not at all true. Time cannot heal anything. Time can only destroy. Time destroys regrets and remembrance and kindness and affection: just as the dentist deadens the nerve. Time at last destroys the scars—when he destroys the frame itself.

But, even while Laurence discoursed, an image grew up in the girl's mind which soothed if it did not console her: it was suggested by the mention of Time as a Physician: she figured herself, in the distant future, a sad and interesting creature: bowed down with the weight of that one sorrow: she thought she should never be able to lose that sorrow: she saw herself nursing her grief: she saw her own drooping frame and heavy head—and the thought of the misery to come consoled the misery of the present.

About half-past eleven the poet came forth in his brown velvet jacket and his felt hat. But his head was lifted proudly and his shoulders were no longer bent: in imagination he was standing alone in the centre of the world, with the eyes of a boundless multitude upon him: a multitude composed of every race who

speak the Saxon tongue: they gazed upon him, pointed at him, and applauded him. Laurence, to whom he kindly nodded, was but one of this crowd. He walked through a lane of imaginary admirers with firm step and countenance unmoved till he came to the Bridge Stairs. Then he left the Bank and was joined on the Bridge by the Chevalier, with whom he walked every Sunday morning, after this official had peeled the potatoes and taken the Sunday dinner to the bakehouse.

When St. Paul's struck a quarter-past twelve Cassie got up and said she would go to meet them coming out of church. She led Laurence to the end of Bank Street, where once stood the noble House of Winchester, though the street is called after the ancient Clink. It is the narrowest and the deepest street in the whole of London: it is like a long mine underground, or a deep and dark cañon in the rock: bridges cross it: warehouses rise on either hand: if a cart comes along the passenger must turn and fly: if two carts meet one must be backed out. There is a damp and sour smell in it which never leaves the street even on the Sunday. Close to the end of it is the ancient port beside which stood the little chapel before the Normans came and made their great monastery and built St. Mary Overy's Church, now called St. Saviour's.

On Sunday they have swept up and cleaned the market-place in front of the church, but there still lingers in the air the fragrance of crushed cabbage-stalks, bruised onions, pea-shucks, decaying apples and the like. But the place is quiet. Cassie went to the south door leading into the church, and they waited beside the monument of the illustrious Lockyer—the man of the Pill—until the others should come out.

‘Have I said anything—anything at all, Cassie, to comfort and to help you?’

‘No,’ she replied, truthfully, ‘nothing at all. But you are kind. If I had not told some one I think I must have gone mad.’

‘Won't you tell Althea?’

‘Oh, no, no! I want to tell no one. Let it all be forgotten. Hush! there is the organ. They will come out now.’

Then the scanty congregation came out of the church: Althea and Flavia by the steps which lead from the new nave to the ancient transept; and they walked home together—Laurence beside Flavia, Cassie with Althea—through the narrow and winding ways. By this time the residents of Red Cross Street were up and dressed and collecting in the street against the opening of

the Houses, so that the beauty of the day seemed gone. But Cassie was tranquil again, the first paroxysm of impatience over. Flavia observed this result and glanced anxiously at the face of her companion, not daring to ask what he had been told. The face was graver than was customary on account of this communication. She thought it was because Laurence was considering what was best to be done—having by this time perfect confidence in his power to do something. It was in the nature of this young man to inspire vast confidence. Something! It is the word which Hope always whispers in the ear—fond, foolish, sympathetic Hope! You have lost your place; there is only a month or so between yourself and starvation. Hope whispers, 'Something will turn up. Be of good cheer.' You are ruined. 'Heart up,' says Hope, 'something will happen.' Your disease grows worse: your case is well-nigh desperate. 'Courage,' says Hope. 'Something will be found for you. That is not Azrael whose wing you hear. It is the guardian angel who brings you health.'

But Laurence was not thinking what should be done. In such a case nothing can be done. The exhibition of the common cow-hide would only make the offender hate the girl with a more bitter hatred. Nothing could be done. But he was wondering what Oliver meant by it. Always he saw before him that little drama that was played below the bridge; and his face hardened and his eyes glared only to think that Althea—Althea—Althea—should be wooed by this young expounder of the latest and the worst Philosophy—the most despairing and the most destructive.

CHAPTER VIII.

SUNDAY EVENING.

It was on the evening of this memorable day that Laurence first saw Claudia—who prophesied. Her name, he found, was not often mentioned in the family circle, because religious opinion separated her from her sister. Cornelia—the thing was due to her official position—could not in decency recognise Dissent in any form, nor could she encourage any religious Function which is not conducted according to the formularies of the Church of England. Now there is no form of prayer prescribed for those who prophesy. None has survived from the time of the early Church. The other members of

the household, including her brother Lucius, regarded the Prophetess with a certain pride: notwithstanding the originality and daring of her opinion, she sustained and even advanced the greatness of the family. Flavia, indeed, went farther. This young woman, who possessed the desirable gift of independence, openly maintained the doctrine that the New Testament Believers' Borough Branch—led by her Aunt Claudia—could not be dislodged from their position by any arguments. They had, in fact, repeatedly challenged argument, and as the challenge was never taken up even by the clergy of the parish, it was clear that no one was able to answer them. She therefore attended the Chapel every Sunday evening, and looked confidently for a time when the gift of prophecy should be bestowed, as in early days, upon all believers. She also attended the tea parties, lectures, confessions of experience, prayer meetings, and the other gatherings by which the life of the community was sustained.

It is obviously the first duty of every Sect, Church, Connection or Persuasion to establish on a firm basis its claim to possess the Truth. Fortunately, no Church has ever been started which could not prove so much, at least, with the greatest ease. If one thinks of it, there is not a single Sect whose position is not absolutely impregnable. Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian, Bible Christian, Jezreelite, Quaker, Shaker—every one dwells in a strong fortress, in which he is secure from every enemy. When the faithful are fully persuaded of this comfortable fact, it is the next business of the leaders to reward their followers by providing for them emotions various and pleasing, excitement, and fraternal love—which last often deepens into something deeper, and even changes its character altogether. Perhaps it was this side of the chapel which attracted Flavia. Her life was narrow and dull: her work at St. Martin's over, there was nothing at all left for the rest of the day. She was not a girl who could find her chief amusement in reading, and there were no books to read except those borrowed by her brother. Like most girls who have thrown over the domestic life, she could not sit down every evening to sew and make things in linen and flannel, nor could she find absolute happiness in the decoration of an old hat with new ribbons: she had no lover, nor did any thoughts of love enter into her head. The dulness of her life was only an unfelt force: it did not weigh upon her: she was not actively discontented: but the Chapel offered her a change. Heavens! how great a change! It opened for her the gates of the New Jerusalem that she might look

through, though as yet she might not enter. Here she felt the yearning after the unknown, the rapture of the foretaste, the sense of special guidance—which may, and does, fall upon the humblest Chapel member as fully as upon the most saintly recluse of the cave, or upon the most illustrious princess in the most splendid cloister. In the morning she went to Church with her sister: it was part of her routine: besides, she was not above the gratification of sitting in her Sunday best among other people also in Sunday best. But in the evening she sought the Chapel of Huldah the Prophetess.

Flavia was accompanied every Sunday evening by no less a personage than the Chevalier. This exile was not only a rebel to his King but to his Church. Concerning both he held such views and used such figures of speech as are common among rebels. In the humble connection of the New Testament Believers, in the little Chapel where they met, in the lowly company there gathered together, the Professor of the New Humanity saw a return to Primitive Christianity, a spark of light in the darkness which should spread and grow until it should illumine the whole world, the Hope of the future, the Salvation of mankind. The other disciples knew themselves to be the one little flock in All the World who held the Truth: it was enough for them. This revolutionary saw a great deal more. Here all were equal to begin with: there was no authority: they had no creed: they were governed by no laws: they all had in their hands the Acts of the Apostles—the work on which, as everybody knows, the Connection chiefly bases its opinions—and could read and judge for themselves. Such a religion, pure, democratic, free, suits such a Social order as the Chevalier burned to establish.

It was strange: the man who had spent the best years of his life in conspiring for the overthrow of Governments, the downfall and death of Kings, the destruction of Church, Property, Rank, and distinction, in company with the murderous, treacherous self-seeking reptiles who are always attracted by conspiracy and the hope of plunder: who cared nothing for bloodshed if only his schemes could succeed: who had fought on barricades and shot down his enemies without any subsequent pang of remorse: who still, after forty years had passed, and at seventy years of age, would rather have had presented to him the Hapsburg's head upon a charger than any gift of worldly goods: who was of a proud and ancient family: who had consorted with gentlefolk and scholars: now walked humbly and in rags beside this humble

London girl, to a little Chapel whose worshippers were the lowliest of all those who read and think for themselves. No greater contrast could be imagined than that of the pair thus walking together: the old man with his white locks, his soft mild eyes and gentle manner, his ragged coat and flat cloth cap, and with all these memories clinging to him, beside the girl so neat, so proper, so ostentatiously respectable—Cornelia would have said so genteel, but the word is falling into disuse.

'We are going to Aunt Claudia's Chapel, Mr. Waller,' said Flavia. 'Will you come too?'

Laurence hesitated. He had entertained visions of a dinner at a West End Restaurant; after an occasional dip into the West End one returns with renewed heart to the simplicity of Bank Side: Sunday evening is not lively among the barges: he had spent three nights running with the poet and Althea and could hardly in decency go there again for a day or two: and all day long Cassie's words about his wandering eyes had been in his mind: he wanted to get away alone and to ask himself solemnly what it meant and whether he really—and whether she had the least suspicion—and what his mother would say—and so on. In times of difficulty one always longs for this solitary colloquy with self, and it never, never, never comes off, because it is so difficult to place our own affairs before ourselves plainly, without deception or illusion—and when a man resolves his hardest to take a calm and dispassionate view of the position he only succeeds in falling into dreams.

'Come with us,' Flavia repeated.

'Sir,' said the Chevalier, 'if you stay at Bank Side without witnessing its chief glory you do yourself an injustice.'

Laurence wished to do an injustice to no man, least of all to himself. He hesitated no longer.

'The new Humanity,' said the Chevalier, 'demands a reformed religion. Primitive Christianity alone is able to satisfy its aspirations and its wants. You do not know perhaps,' he added in the sweetest and softest voice possible, a voice of velvet, 'that the little Fraternity of our Chapel is the revival of that sweet and holy religion.'

'No, I did not know it,' said Laurence. 'Are you too, Chevalier, a disciple?'

'I, too. After many years. I have lived a philosopher: I shall die a Christian. In my youth, like many others, I confounded the false with the true: your cathedrals, your Bishops,

your priests—they are not Christianity. What that is—we will show you.'

'Does your sister go with you, Flavia?'

'No. She is crying in her own room. But she is not cross any more. You said something to her, Mr. Waller, that took away her temper. Althea has been with her this afternoon, but she will not tell Althea anything—or me either. As if we did not know, Chevalier!' She turned to her companion with that smile of bitter sweet triumph that a woman assumes when she has found out a secret.

'Yes, we know,' said the Chevalier.

'In that case,' said Laurence, 'we all know it and so we need not say anything more.'

'I have observed the face of that young man,' said the Chevalier without naming him. 'I, who have lived among men of action, have studied many faces and I have never yet been deceived by any face. The traitor I know, the flatterer also: the luxurious man and the self-indulgent: the liar and the heartless—I know them all. This young man has a bad face. He is false and treacherous: he is selfish: he has no pity.'

'The last illusion which will perish,' Laurence remembered, 'is the illusion which we call love.'

Flavia set her lips and nodded her head vindictively. If Mr. Oliver Luttrell should ever fall into the hands of this young woman, Laurence thought, there would be a bad quarter of an hour for him. A political prisoner among the Carthaginian ladies after they had sharpened their nails would not have had a more unpleasant time.

The Chapel of the New Testament Believers is called by some the Upper Chamber and by some the House of Consolation, and among some it has a more sacred name still which may be left to the brethren. It is such a Chapel as may be met with everywhere in the poorer quarters: small, ugly, with a little window over the door and another window, round headed, at the end. It stands in Union Street, which is better known than most of the Southwark Streets, because one must pass through Union Street in order to reach Red Cross Street, where there is the most charming little settlement, or Colony, of culture and sweetness in all London, not excepting the Brewers' Garden at the back of the London Hospital.

The Chapel was furnished with benches half filled with people: at the end was a low platform with a harmonium.

Flavia and the Chevalier sat down near the door, nodding to some of the congregation. They all turned and gazed at the stranger in some astonishment. A well-dressed stranger does not often visit the Upper Chamber. Presently, one among them rose and advanced to him bearing a little bundle of tracts in his hands. He was a man of meek and gentle appearance and bright eyes.

'Read them,' he whispered earnestly. 'They are intended for the Inquirers. You will see that our position is one that cannot be shaken. And they know it.' He jerked his head to the right, perhaps he meant those of Westminster Abbey, or those of Lambeth Palace: but he did not explain. 'Do not,' he added, 'resist the power of Truth. Let your heart be open to the voice of Truth.'

Just then the door opened and a woman appeared dressed in black silk. Upon her head was a kind of black mantilla which fell over her like a veil. She stood at the door for a moment and pushed back her veil with her hands, looking round the room as if to observe who were present. Her eyes fell upon Laurence and she started. Why did she start? Then the veil fell over her face again and she walked up the Chapel and mounted the platform, taking her seat in an armchair in the middle facing the congregation. This was Claudia. She was curiously like her sister Cornelia, yet with a difference. She had the family nose, but it was softened, so to speak, by a reduction in length and breadth. She was small of stature, like the rest of the family, but she was not stiff and angular like Cornelia. Although she was now fifty years of age she was still pleasant to look upon: her features were mobile: her hair was abundant and was rolled up in a kind of crown: her eyes were large and lustrous: they should therefore have been sleepy eyes: but on the contrary they were curiously bright and keen. These observations were made during the short space when she stood in the door and looked round the Chapel: after the veil was dropped again her face was invisible.

Felix Laverock came into the Chapel after his mother. At the sight of Laurence he dropped into the farthest corner, hanging his head with every sign of confusion. Apparently, therefore, the gift of the mother had not also been granted to the son. Then the service began. There was a small desk at one side of the platform and a harmonium at the other.

The nonconformist service is always much the same whatever Truths are preached. They sing hymns: read and expound the

Scriptures: the minister offers a long prayer: and then followeth the sermon.

In this case the sermon was not one of fire and wrath, but of praise and faith: with simple and homely experiences: it was preached by one who, like a Quaker, spoke because he thought he had something to say. When he sat down another rose and said what was in his heart: and then another. Meantime the prophetess sat in the chair, motionless, her lace veil hiding her face, her hands in her lap. She did not sing with them: she seemed as if she did not pray with them. Laurence could not keep his eyes from her. He was affected with a strange sense of incongruity. How did this woman come here? She should have been wrapped in a peplum and been attached to the oracle of Delphi. So dumb, so still, so regardless of the folk, may have sat the priestess before the oracle was given.

Then he discovered, while the speakers poured out the thankfulness and joy of their hearts, that the people all seemed to have the same kind of eyes. No doubt there were grey, blue, brown and black eyes among the people: but their eyes were all curiously bright. This kind of brightness goes with the variety of faith which scoffing would call credulity. It is the brightness of enthusiasm. Every crank has such eyes. You will see it in the leaders of mobs as well as in the Captains of the Salvation Army.

The last speaker left the beaten path of personal experience in order to consider the position of the Church—their Church. The discourse was clearly intended for the stranger within the gates, because the speaker looked at Laurence, and the people turned round and gazed at him to see how he would receive the Truth: whether he would take it fighting, or whether he would fall prostrate under its mighty influence and own that never before had he known what was the Truth or where that article was to be obtained. If he had been the Prince of Wales himself this stranger could not have been the object of greater curiosity.

The position; in fact, of the New Testament Believers is exactly that of the Primitive Church as described in the earlier chapters of the Acts of the Apostles. The speaker pointed this out with great care. As in those days of simplicity and faith, so in the Connection all were equal—the brethren did look as if the average weekly wage was from thirty-five shillings to two pounds a week. As in the Early days, so in the Connection, if one were to grow rich—the thing seemed too remote to affect the imagina-

tion of the hearers—he would divide his wealth among all. There was true brotherly love among them—where else outside the Connection could that be found? They had no creed or formula, but all was done by faith. They had no priests, but all were equal. And as to the gift of Prophecy and Tongues, where, outside the Connection, could it be found at all—oh! where else—where else—than in this humble Chapel of a few chosen believers, snatched from the wilderness of the unbelieving world?

Flavia and the Chevalier nodded approvingly as each point was made. When it came to the last Felix in his corner contorted his limbs and hung his head.

Then the harmonium played a few chords and the people began to sing, sitting in their places, a long chaunting monotonous hymn, which rose and fell, verse by verse, and produced a most strange effect upon one at least of the gathering. Laurence felt as if he were being mesmerised, or were inhaling laughing gas. Already he felt his head swim, his limbs tremble, his senses reel. Then the people sang their hymn louder and faster, and they caught hands and stood up, and some swayed their bodies to and fro in rhythm like children at a musical drill: and some leaped and some wept aloud and some laughed. The harmonium, meantime, kept playing a monotonous droning accompaniment. The prophetess sat motionless.

Suddenly she sprang to her feet.

Then the music stopped and the people became silent and sank down upon the benches, panting, gasping, eager for the voice of Prophecy.

The woman tossed back her veil over her shoulders and threw out her arms.

It lasted for ten minutes. It flowed like a cascade after rain: it was turbulent in its headlong rapidity. It seemed to issue from the lips but not from the brain: in this way the ancient priestess was wont to deliver the oracle as if it came not from herself. It was full of ejaculations and of Scripture phrases. It seemed to uplift the souls of those who listened with open mouth and kindling eyes: it filled them with rapture. As for Laurence, he was like one who reads a book of spiritualism and finds here a phrase and there an idea which he comprehends, and presently lays down the volume and looks around and discovers that he is, after all, in a world of sense and of touch. Nothing that the prophetess uttered touched him:

it was unlike anything he had ever heard: he was bewildered. But the mesmeric feeling left him when the singing ceased. The gift of Prophecy! what had she prophesied? It is not, we know, the gift of foretelling, but of outspeaking. What had she outspoken? He could seize on nothing.

The Prophetess! This remarkable person—could she really be a daughter of Vicesimus and a sister of Lucius, Cornelia, and the unfortunate Julia? Could she really belong to that respectable family? She was utterly thrown away in this obscure corner of the city. She should have taken a West End Chapel and started a new Church for the rich instead of for the poor. There are always so many rich people in search of a new Gospel that the revival of the early Church could not fail of success. A new Gospel for the Rich has not, in fact, been attempted since the Foundation, now fifty years ago, of the Catholic and Apostolic Church of St. Irving. In the Borough her gifts were thrown away. Who careth for the religion of Bank Side? Who concerneth himself with the tendencies of Southwark? A remarkable woman. If a charlatan, then one of the finest water. If an enthusiast, then filled with enthusiasm of a most uncommon kind. A truly remarkable woman.

She stopped as suddenly as she began, sitting down and drawing the veil again over her face. The people began to sing another hymn—of praise and gladness.

When the hymn was finished the Prophetess arose again, but quietly, and threw back her veil.

‘A portion for Brother De Heyn,’ she said, softly. ‘Hast thou said in thy heart, it is vain to serve the Lord?’

The congregation regarded Brother de Heyn with admiration and envy. He had received a special message.

The Chevalier himself, however, bowed his head stricken with remorse. There had been grumblings with his lot. Rebellious thoughts had truly troubled his soul in his thankless drudgery of the week.

‘A portion for Sister Flavia. Be angry for thy sister’s sake, but sin not. Leave transgressors to the Arm of the Lord.’

The tears came into Flavia’s eyes.

Then the Prophetess looked straight before her. But Laurence started and changed colour at her next words:—

‘A portion for the child of Lucy.’ What did she mean? ‘Thou art come from the Isles of the East where is the land of Ophir. Peace be upon thee and a blessing. Amen—Amen.’

The congregation stared. Who was the child of Lucy? Was this a dark saying like unto those riddles which in Bunyan's story cheered the heart of Mansoul?

Then they sang another hymn, a hymn of dismissal, while the saucer went round and the pennies rattled. He who carried the saucer counted out the money when he had finished, and entered the amount in a little book. Then he gave it all to Felix, who slipped it into his pocket with a blush of shame. Laurence now understood why he came to the chapel—his mother it was who ran this little chapel and paid the rent and the gas, and he himself was Paymaster, Clerk or Assistant Treasurer, though not as yet numbered with the Faithful.

'And how on earth,' Laurence asked himself, 'did the Prophetess know me? Child of Lucy—of course she could mean none but me.'

(To be continued.)

A Hill-top Stronghold.

‘WHY, what did they want to build a city right up here for, anyway?’ the pretty American asked, who had come with us to Fiesole, as we rested, panting, after our long steep climb, on the cathedral platform.

Now the question was a pertinent and in its way a truly philosophical one. Fiesole crests the ridge of a Tuscan hill, and in America they don’t build cities on hill-tops. You may search through the length and breadth of the United States, from Maine to California, and I venture to bet a modest dollar you won’t find a single town perched anywhere in a position at all resembling that of many a glowing Etrurian fastness, that ‘Like an eagle’s nest Hangs on the crest Of purple Apennine.’ Towns in America stand all on the level: most of them are built by harbours of sea or inland lake; or by navigable rivers; or at the junction of railways; or at a point where cataracts (sadly debased) supply ample water-power for saw-mills and factories; or else in the immediate neighbourhood of coal, iron, oil wells, or gold and silver mines. In short, the position of American towns bears always an immediate and obvious reference to the wants and necessities of our modern industrial and commercial system. They are towns that have grown up in a state of profound peace, and that imply advanced means of communication, with a free interchange of agricultural and manufactured products.

Hence in America it is always quite easy to see at a glance the *raison d’être* of every town or village one comes across. New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore,—New Orleans, Montreal, San Francisco, Charleston,—are all great ports for the exportation of corn, pork, ‘lumber,’ cotton, or tobacco, and the importation of European manufactured goods. Chicago is the main collecting and distributing centre for the wide basin of the upper Great Lakes, as Cincinnati is for the Ohio Valley, and St. Louis for the Mississippi and Missouri confluents. Pittsburg bases itself upon

its coal and its iron ; Buffalo exists as the point of transfer where elevators raise the corn of Chicago from lake-going vessels into the long, low barges of the Erie Canal. In every case, in that newest of worlds, one can see for oneself at a glance exactly why so large a body of human beings has collected just at that precise spot, and at no other.

But when you have toiled up, hot and breathless, through olive and pine, from the Viale at Florence to the antique Cyclopean walls of Etruscan Fæsulæ, you wonder to yourself, like our American friend, as you pant on the terrace of the Romanesque cathedral, what on earth they could ever have wanted to build a town up there for, anyway.

If we look away from Tuscany to our own England, however, we shall find on many a deserted down or lonely tor ample evidence of the causes which led the people of this ancient Etruscan town to build their citadel at so great a height above the neighbouring valley. Fiesole, says Dante, in a well-known verse, was the mother of Florence. Even so in England, Old Sarum was indeed the mother of Salisbury, and Caer Badon or Sulis was the mother of Bath. And when there was first a Fæsulæ on the hill here there could be no Florence, as when first there was an Old Sarum on the Wiltshire downs there could be no Salisbury, and when first there was a Caer Badon on the heights of Avon there could be no Bath.

In very early times indeed, in the European land area, when men began first to gather together into towns or villages, two necessities determined their choice of a place to dwell in: first, food-supply (including water); and, second, defence. Hence every early community stands, to start with, near its own cultivable territory, usually a broad river-valley, an alluvial plain, a 'carse' or lowland, for uplands as yet were incapable of tillage by the primitive agriculture of those early epochs. But it does not stand actually *in* the carse; it occupies as a rule the nearest convenient height or hill-top, most often the one that juts out furthest into the subjacent plain, by way of security against the attack of enemies. This is the beginning of almost every great historical European town; it is an arx or acropolis overhanging its own tilth or *ager*; and though in many cases the town came down at last into the valley, retaining still its old name, yet the remains of the old earthworks or walls on the hill-top above often bear witness to our own day to the original site of the antique settlement upon the high places.

One can mark, too, various stages in this gradual process of

secular descent from the wind-swept hills into the valleys below, as freer communications and greater security made access to water, roads, and rivers of greater importance than mere defence or elevated position. At Bath, for example, it was the Pax Romana that brought down the town from the stockaded height of Caer Badon, and the Hill of Solisbury to the ford and the hot springs in the valley of the Avon. At Old Sarum, on the other hand, the hill-top town remained much longer: it lived from the Celtic first into the Roman and then into the West Saxon world; it had a cathedral of its own in Norman times; and even long after Bishop Roger Poore founded the New Sarum, which we now call Salisbury, at the point where the great west road passed the river below, the hill-top town continued to be inhabited, and, as everybody knows, when all its population had finally dwindled away, retained some vestige of its ancient importance by returning a member of its own for a single farmhouse to the unreformed Parliament till '32. As for Fiesole, though Florence has long since superseded it as the capital of the Arno Valley, the town itself still lives on to our own time in a dead-alive way, and, like Norman Old Sarum, retains even now its beautiful old cathedral, its Palazzo Pretorio, and its acknowledged claims to ancient boroughship. In England, I know by personal experience only one such hill-top town of the antique sort still surviving, and that is Shaftesbury; but I am told that Launceston, with its strong castle overlooking the Tamar, is even a finer example. This relatively early disappearance of the hill-top fortress from our own midst is in part due, no doubt, to the early growth of the industrial spirit in England, and our long-continued freedom from domestic warfare. But all over Southern Europe, as everybody must have noticed, the hill-top town, perched, like Eza, on the very summit of a pointed pinnacle, still remains everywhere in evidence as a common object of the country in our own day.

I said above that Fiesole was the mother of Florence, and, in spite of formal objections to the contrary, I venture to defend that now somewhat obsolete and heretical opinion. For why does Fiesole stand just where it does? What made them build a city up there, anyway? Well, a town always exists just where it does exist for some good and amply sufficient reason. Even if, like Fiesole, it is mainly a survival (though at Fiesole there are, indeed, olives in plenty and other live trades to keep a town going), it yet exists there in virtue of facts which once upon a time were

quite sufficient to bring the world to the spot, and it goes on existing, partly by mere conservative use and wont, no doubt, but partly also because there are houses, churches, mills, and roads all ready built there. Now, a town must always, from a very early period, have existed upon the exact site of Fiesole. And why? To answer that question you have only to look at the view from the platform. I do not mean to suggest that the ancient Etruscans came there to enjoy the prospect as we go nowadays to the hotels on the Rigi or to the summit of Mount Washington. The ancient Etruscan was a practical man, and his views about views were probably rudimentary. But gaze down for a moment from the cathedral platform upon the valley of the Arno, spread like a glowing picture at your feet, and see how immediately it resolves the doubt. Not, indeed, the valley of the Arno as it stands at present, thick set with tower and spire and palace. In order to arrive at the *raison d'être* of Fiesole you must blot out mentally Arnolfo's vast pile, and Brunelleschi's dome, and Giotto's campanile, and Savonarola's monastery, and the tall and slender tower of the Palazzo Vecchio, rising like a shaft sheer into the air far, far below—you must blot out, in short, all that makes the world now congregate at Florence, and all Florence itself into the bargain. Nowhere on earth do I know a more peopled plain than that plain of Arno in our own time, seen on a sunny autumn day, when the light glints clearly on each white villa and church and hamlet, from this specular mount of antique Fiesole. But to understand why Fiesole itself stands there at all you must neglect all this, neglect all the wealth of art that makes each inch of that valley classic ground, and look only, if you can for a brief moment, at the bare facts of primitive nature.

And what then do you see? Spread far below you, and basking in the sunshine, a comparatively flat and wide, open valley; olive and stone pine and mulberry on its slopes; pasture land and flowery vale in its midst. North and south, in two long ridges, the Apennines stretch their hard, blue outlines from Carrara to Siena against the afternoon sky—outlines of a sort that one never gets in northern lands, but which remind one so exactly of the painted background to a fifteenth-century Italian picture that nature seems here, to our topsy-turvy fancy, to be whimsically imitating an effect from art. But in between those two tossed and tumbled guardian ridges, the valley of the Arno, as it flows towards Pisa, with the minor basins of its tributary streams, expands for a while about Florence itself into a broad and compara-

tively level plain. In a mountain country so broken and heaved about as Peninsular Italy, every spare inch of cultivable plain like that has incalculable value. True, on the terraced slopes of the hillsides generation after generation of ingenious men have managed to build up, tier by tier, a wonderful expanse of artificial tilth. But while oil and wine can be produced upon the terraces, it is on the river valleys alone that the early inhabitants had to depend for their corn, their cheese, and their flesh-meat. Hence, in primitive Italy and in primitive England alike, every such open alluvial plain, fit for tilth or grazing, had overhanging it a stockaded hill-fort, which grew with time into a mediæval town or a walled city. It is just so that Caer Badon at Bath overhangs, with its prehistoric earthworks, the plain of Avon on which Beau Nash's city now spreads its streets, and it is just so that Old Sarum in turn overhangs, with its regular Roman fosses and gigantic glacis, the dale of the namesake river in Wilts, near its point of confluence with the stream of the Wily.

We find it hard, no doubt, to imagine nowadays that once upon a time England was almost as thickly covered with hill-top villages (though on minor heights) as Italy is in the present century. Yet such was undoubtedly the case in prehistoric times. I know no better instance of the way these stockaded villages were built than the magnificent group of antique earthworks in Dorset and Devon which rings round with a double row of fortresses the beautiful valley of the Axminster Axe. There, on one side, a long line of strongholds built by the Durotriges caps every jutting down and hill-top on the southern and eastern bank of the river, while facing them, on the opposite northern and western side, rises a similar series of Damnonian fortresses, crowning the corresponding Devonshire heights. Lambert's Castle, Musberry Castle, Hawksdown Castle, and so forth, the local nomenclature still calls them, but they are castles, or *castra*, only in the now obsolete Roman sense; prehistoric earthworks, with dyke and trench, once stockaded with wooden palings on top, and enclosing the huts and homes of the inhabitants. The river ran between the hostile territories; each village held its own strip of land below its fortress-height, and drove up its cattle, its women, and its children, in times of foray, to the safety of the kraal or hill-top encampment.

In such a condition of society, of course, every community was absolutely dependent upon its own territory for the means of subsistence. And wherever the means of subsistence existed, a village was sure to spring up in time upon the nearest hill-top,

That is how the oldest Fiesole of all first came to be perched there. It was a hill-top refuge for the tillers and grazers of the fertile Arno vale at its feet.

But why did the people of the Arno Valley fix upon the particular site of Fiesole? Surely on the southern side of the river, about the Viale dei Colli, the hills approach much nearer to the plain. From San Miniato and the Bello Sguardo one looks down far more directly upon the domes and palaces and campaniles of Florence spread right at one's feet. Why didn't the primitive inhabitants of the valley fix rather on a spur of that nearer range—say the one where Galileo's tower stands—for the site of their village?

If you know Florence and have asked that question within yourself in all seriousness as you read, I see you haven't yet begun to throw yourself into the position of affairs in prehistoric Tuscany. You can't shuffle off your own century. For between the broad plain and the range of hills where the Viale dei Colli now winds serpentine on its beautiful way round the glens and ravines, the Arno runs, a broad torrent flood in times of freshet: the Arno, unbridged as yet (in the days I speak of) by the Ponte Vecchio, an impassable frontier between the wide territory of prehistoric Fiesole and the narrow fields of some minor village, long since forgotten, on the opposite bank. The great alluvial plain lies north of the river; the three streams whose silt contributes to form it flow into the main channel from Pistoja and Prato. To live across the river on the south bank would have been absolutely impossible for the owners of the plain. But Fiesole occupies a central spur of the northern heights, overlooking the valley to east and west, and must therefore have been always the natural place from which to command the plain of Arno. A little above and a little below Florence, gorges once more hem the river in. So that the plain of Florence (as we call it nowadays), the plain of Fiesole, as it once was, formed at the beginning a little natural principality by itself, of which Fiesole was the obvious capital and stronghold.

For in order to understand Fiesole aright, we must always manage in our own minds to get rid entirely of that beautiful mushroom growth, Florence, and to think only of the most ancient epoch. While we are in Florence itself, to be sure, it seems to us always, by comparison with our modern English towns, that Florence is a place of immemorial antiquity. It was civilised when Britain was a den of thieves. While in feudal England

Edward I. was summoning his barons to repress the rising of William Wallace, in Florence, already a great commercial town, Arnolfo di Cambio had received the sublime orders of the Signoria to construct for the Duomo 'the most sumptuous edifice that human invention could desire or human labour execute,' and had carried out those orders with consummate skill. While Edward III. was dreaming of his lawless filibustering expeditions into France, Giotto was encrusting the face of his glorious belfry with that magnificent decoration of many-coloured marbles which makes northern churches look so cold and grey and barbaric by comparison. While Englishmen were burning Joan of Arc at Rouen, Fra Angelico was adorning the walls of San Marco with those rapt saints and those spotless Madonnas. Even the very back streets of Florence recall at every step its mediæval magnificence. But when from Florence itself one turns to Fiesole, the city by the Arno sinks at once by a sudden revulsion into a mere thing of yesterday by the side of the city on the Etruscan hill-top. Fiesole was a town of immemorial antiquity while Florence was still what perhaps its poetical name imports, a field of flowers.

But why this particular height rather than any other of the dozen that jut out into the plain? Well, there we get at another fundamental point in hill-top town history. Fiesole had water. A spring at such a height is comparatively rare, but it is a necessary accompaniment, or rather a condition precedent, of all high-place villages. In the Borgo Unto you will still find this spring—a natural fountain, the Fonte Sotterra—in an underground passage, now approached (so greatly did the Fiesolans appreciate its importance) by a Gothic archway. The water supplies the whole neighbourhood; and that accounts for the position of the town, on the low *col* just below the acropolis.

Who first chose the site it would be impossible to say; the earliest stockaded fort at Fiesole (enclosing the town and *arx* above) must go back to the very dawn of neolithic history, long before the Etruscans had ever issued forth from their Rætian fastnesses to occupy the blue and silver-grey hills of modern Tuscany. Nor do we know who built the great Cyclopean walls, whose huge rough blocks still overhang the modern carriage-road that leads past Boccaccio's Valley of the Ladies and Fra Angelico's earliest convent from the town in the valley. They are attributed to the Etruscans, of course, on much the same grounds as Stonehenge is attributed to the Druids—because in the minds of the people who made the attribution Etruscans and Druids were each

in their own place the *ne plus ultra* of aboriginal antiquity. But at any rate, at some very early time, the people who held the valley of the Arno erected these vast megalithic walls round their city and citadel as a protection, probably, against the people who held the Ligurian sea-board. Throughout the early historical period at least we know that Fæsulæ was an Etruscan border town against the Ligurian freebooters, and we can see that the arx or acropolis of Fæsulæ must have occupied the hill-top now occupied by the Franciscan monastery on the height above the town, while the houses must have spread, as they still do within shrunken limits, about the spring and over the *col* at its base.

Fæsulæ was not one of the great Etrurian cities, not one of the twelve cities of the Etruscan League. Volterra occupies the site of the large Tuscan town which lorded it over this part of the Lower Apennines. But Fæsulæ must still have been a considerable place, to judge by the magnitude and importance of its fortifications, and it must have gathered into itself the entire population of all the little Arno plain. As long as *fortis Etruria crevit*, Fæsulæ must always have held its own as a frontier post against the Ligurian foe. But when *fortis Etruria* began to decline, and Rome to become the summit of all things, the glory of Fæsulæ received a severe shock. Not indeed by conquest—that counts for little—but the Roman peace introduced into Italy a new order of things, fatal to the hill-tops. Sulla, who humbled Fæsulæ, did far worse than that: he planted a Roman colony in the valley at its foot—the colony of Florentia—at the point where the road crossed the Arno—the colony that was afterwards to become the most famous commercial and artistic town of the mediæval world as Florence.

The position of the new town marks the change that had come over the conditions of life in Upper Italy. Florence was a Fiesole descended to the plain. And it descended for just the selfsame reason that made Bishop Poore thirteen centuries later bring down Sarum from its lofty hill-top to the new white minster by the ford of Avon. Roads, communications, internal trade were henceforth to exist and to count for much; what was needed now was a post and trading town on the river to guard the passage from north to south against possible aggression. Fiesole had been but a mountain stronghold; Florence was marked from the very beginning by its mere position as a great commercial and manufacturing town.

Nevertheless, just as in mediæval England the upper town on

the hill, the castled town of the barons, often existed for many years side by side with the lower town on the river, the high-road town of the merchant guilds—just as Old Sarum, for example, continued to exist side by side with Salisbury—so Fæsulæ continued to exist side by side with Florentia. As a military post, commanding the plain, it was needful to retain it; and so, though Sulla destroyed in part its population, he reinstated it before long as one of his own Roman colonies. And for a long time, during the ages of doubtful peace that succeeded the first glorious flush of the military empire, Fæsulæ must have kept up its importance unchanged. The remains of the Roman theatre on the slope behind the cathedral—great stone semicircles carved on a scale to seat a large audience—betoken a considerable Roman town. And from a very early period it seems to have possessed a Christian church, whose first bishop, according to a tradition as good as most, was a convert of St. Peter's, and was martyred, says his legend, in the Neronian persecution. The existing cathedral, its later representative, is still an early and very simple Tuscan basilica, with picturesque crypt and raised choir, of a very plain Romanesque type. It looks like a fitting church for the mother-town of Florence; it seems to recall in its own cold and austere fabric the more ancient claims of the sombre Etruscan hill-top city.

It was the Middle Ages, however, that finally brought down Fiesole in earnest to the plain. Pisa had been the earliest Tuscan town to attain importance and maritime supremacy after the dark days of barbarian incursion; but as soon as land-transit once more assumed general importance, Florence, seated on the great route from the north to Rome by Siena, and commanding the passage of the Arno and the gate of the Apennines, naturally began to surpass in time its distanced rival. As early as the Roman days, a bridge is said to have spanned the Arno on the site of the existing Ponte Vecchio. The mediæval walls enclosed the southern *tête du pont* within their picturesque circuit, thus securing the passage of the river and giving Florence its little Janiculus, the Oltrarno, with its southern exit by the Porta Romana. The real 'makers of Florence' were the humble workmen who thus extended the firm hold of the growing republic to the southern bank. By so doing, they gave their city undoubted command of the imperial route from Germany Romeward, and brought in their train Dante and Giotto, Brunelleschi and Donatello, Fra Angelico and Savonarola, the Medici and the Pitti, Michael Angelo and

Raffaele, and all the glories of the Renaissance epoch. For as at Athens, so in Florence, art and literature followed plainly in the wake of commerce.

But the rise of Florence was the fall of Fiesole. Already in the eleventh century the undutiful daughter had conquered and annexed her venerable mother; and in proportion as the mercantile importance of the city in the plain waxed greater and greater, that of the city on the hill-top must slowly have waned to less and less. At the present day Fiesole has degenerated into a mere suburb of Florence, which, indeed, it had almost become when Lorenzo the Magnificent held his country court at the Villa Mozzi, or even earlier, when Boccaccio's lively narrators fled from the plague to the gardens of the Palmieri, though it still retains the dignity of its ancient cathedral, its municipal palace, its gigantic seminary, and its great overgrown Franciscan monastery, that replaces the citadel on the height above the town. Nay, more, with its local museum, its bishop's palace, and its quaint churches, it keeps up, to some extent, all the airs and graces of a real living town. But in reality these few big buildings, and the graceful campanile which makes so fair a show in all the neighbouring views, are the best of the little city. Fiesole looks biggest seen from afar. All that is vital in it is the ecclesiastical establishment, which still clings, with true ecclesiastical conservatism, to the hill-top city, and the trade of the straw plaiters, who make Leghorn straw goods and pester the visitor with their flimsy wares, taking no answer to all their importunities save one in solid coin of good King Umberto.

One last question. How does it come that in these southern climates the hill-top town has survived so much more generally to our own day than in Northern Europe? The obvious answer seems at first sight to be that in the warmer climates life can be carried on comfortably, and agriculture can yield good results, at a greater height than in a cold climate. Olives, vines, chestnuts, maize will grow far up on Italian hill sides, and that, no doubt, counts for something; but I do not believe it covers all the ground. Two other points seem to me at least equally important, especially when we remember that the hill-top town was once as common in the north as in the south, and that what we have really to account for in Italy is not its existence merely, but rather its late survival into newer epochs. One point is that in Southern Europe the state of perpetual internal warfare lasted much longer than in the feudal north. The other point is that each little patch

of country in the south is still far more self-supporting, has had its economic conditions far less disturbed by modern rearrangements and commercial necessities, than in Northern Europe. In England every town and village stands upon some high road; the larger stand almost invariably upon some railway or some navigable river. In Italy it is still quite possible, where agricultural conditions are favourable, to have a comparatively flourishing town perched upon some out-of-the-way mountain height. Even a carriage road is scarcely a necessity; a mule path will do well enough for wine and oil and the other simple commodities of southern life. The hill-top town, in short, belongs to an earlier type of civilisation than ours; it survives, unaltered, on its own pinnacle wherever that type of civilisation is still possible.

And I sincerely hope our pretty American friend will pardon me for having thus publicly answered, at so great length, her natural question.

GRANT ALLEN.

To Daffodils: Questions.

DAFFODILS out in the sunshine, daffodils down in the wood,
Nodding those pretty heads wisely, tell me, are all of you
good?

What do you say to each other, nodding out there in the sun,
With your yellow heads leaning together, your leaves listening
too, every one?

That beautiful kingdom you tell of, flower-kingdom of colour and
life,

Is it always a kingdom of plenty, or are problems of scarcity rife?

Has every pale bud at its coming a welcome, a share from its
birth?

Do you ever thrust out the cold shoulder, or murmur together of
dearth?

Yonder king of his kind, standing proudly, alone save the mate
by his side,

Is he kingly and equal in all things? Does he share with, and
bear with, his bride?

Does the sun on his kingship shine brighter, the moss cling more
close to his feet,

Than on those and round those of less stature—not kings—but
as royally sweet?

Does the dew fall as gently on *each* one, kissing you softly
good-night?

Do you *all* hear the birds singing sweetly, bidding you wake, it
is light?

Is there ever a flower among you who longs and who sighs for a
mate?

Is there sometimes a blossom, though mated, who whispers, half
heard, against fate?

If some wise little bird—say a sparrow—came fluttering straight
from the town,

And chirruped a rumour of markets, say, daffodils, say, would you
frown?

If some ruthless street-seller from London came down with his
basket and shears,

Would you weep for yourselves, pretty daffys, or should I have to
shed all the tears?

VIOLET OAKLEY.

The Hon. Percy Heron.

CHAPTER I.

MR. SILAS P. CLAYTON (of the firm of Clayton & Trump) was one of the wealthiest men in Emersonville, and his house was the finest and most imposing domestic structure to be found in that rising Western city.

In a charmingly-furnished room of this house, there was, on a certain afternoon in October not very many years ago, a lively discussion going on. Five persons were taking part in it—viz. Mrs. Clayton, her daughter Minnie, and her son George S., Miss Susie L. Trump, who was (for the time being) engaged to the gentleman whose name precedes, and a Mr. Nathaniel Mc'Carthy, who was supposed (and not without reason) to be sighing after Miss Minnie, but whose sighs had not made any definite impression upon that charming young lady.

Mrs. Clayton was quite the recognised leader of Emersonville society, and she, with the assistance of her daughter, had just been sending out invitations for the first of her *soirées dansantes*, which was to usher in the winter gaiety of that city. The question that was being debated was whether an invitation should be extended to a Mr. P. Heron, a young Englishman then staying in Emersonville. Mrs. Clayton was of opinion that hospitality should be exercised freely and bounteously towards a stranger; her daughter Minnie thought otherwise, or, at any rate, maintained the opposite opinion. The others did not give their views decidedly, but spoke indefinitely, contributing information which might be used on either side of the question.

'Katie Chilcote told me,' said Miss Susie, 'that he was at the bazaar for East Fifteenth Street Episcopal Church. She's got a stall there, and he bought ever so many things of her, and spent about a hundred dollars in raffles, and never won a thing. So he isn't stingy, anyway.'

'I don't know what that has got to do with it,' rejoined Minnie. 'We are not going to ask him to pay for his supper.'

'Let us hear what the *Gazette* says about him,' said Mrs. Clayton.

Mr. McCarthy had a little pile of newspapers by him. He took one, cleared his throat, and proceeded to read.

'*Emersonville Gazette*, October 5. "Mr. P. Heron, from England, has registered at the Central Hotel in this city."

'*Emersonville Gazette*, October 10. "The Hon. P. Heron, who with his personal attendant is staying at the Central Hotel, is a young Englishman now on a visit to the United States. He has come to Emersonville to see the most remarkable instance of what Western enterprise and Western energy can do. We understand that Mr. Heron has expressed himself in no measured terms as greatly impressed, astonished, and delighted by what he has so far seen, and we hope that when he returns to his ancestral home he will be able to speak highly"

'Oh stop, do,' cried Minnie; 'we don't want to hear all that. Take away the papers, George. The thing is very simple, mamma. We don't know Mr. Heron, therefore we don't invite him.'

'They say he is very nice, my dear,' said Mrs. Clayton.

'I don't believe it. He is likely to be supercilious, and if he is polite he is certain to be stupid. Englishmen are never bright.' (Miss Clayton had gone through a course of Bostonian novels.) 'And perhaps he will drop his h's and ask me to "dawnce."'

'They say he is good-looking,' said Susie L. Trump.

'He is good-looking, that is true.' Minnie flushed a little under the interrogative glance of her friend. 'Yes, I have seen him. I met him in South Street yesterday. I knew he was an Englishman by the way he stared at me. And George told me who he was.'

'He is the *Hon. P. Heron*,' said Mrs. Clayton suggestively.

'That means that his father is a lord,' said Susie rapidly, anxious to be the first to contribute this information.

'Now, that's something, anyway,' said Mr. Clayton, junior. 'Lords are not plentiful in Emersonville. The British peerage hasn't discovered us yet. Let him come, Minnie, and fall in love with you. You would be delighted to reject a Britisher.'

Minnie was ready with a retort, but just then her father entered, and was soon informed of the controversy.

'Papa will be on my side,' said Minnie. 'He is not so anxious to see strangers here.'

'Well, I dunno,' said Mr. Clayton. 'As a general rule, no. But there are exceptions. Fact is I've taken rather a liking to this young man.'

'Why, what has he done—how did you meet him?' There was a chorus of voices.

Mr. Clayton waved his hand deprecatingly.

'Well,' he said, 'I don't know that he's done much at present. If he has, I haven't seen it—may be, because I wasn't there. But he was going over Franklin Street crossing just now, and I reckon his foot slipped or his ankle twisted or something, for he got down on his back mighty sudden right between the rails. There was a freight-train pretty handy, and coming along quite quick enough to be awkward. Well, as I happened to be in the immediate vicinity, I just helped him out of the way. Perhaps if I had thought he was a Britisher, I might have left him there to please Minnie, but there wasn't time to do much thinking.'

'What did he say?' said Minnie eagerly. 'He ought to be very grateful to you.'

'Well, he said he was. He was very muddy, anyway. You can see some of the mud on my top coat in the hall, and I suppose you'll see some of the gratitude here in this parlour, for I have asked him round and he's coming this very night.'

'Oh, how nice!' said Susie; 'he'll make a little speech and say that he owes his life to you, and that he will never forget it, and so on. I should so like to hear it all.'

'You may come, young lady,' said Mr. Clayton. 'George shall call round in case you mightn't find your own way.'

'It won't be interesting at all,' said Minnie. 'He's an Englishman. If he were a German or an Italian, or even a Frenchman, now, it would be worth seeing; he would rush up to father and call him his deliverer and so on, and kiss him on both cheeks and perhaps shed tears.'

'Minnie is thinking of Herr Rosenbaum,' said her brother, 'when you lent him four thousand dollars to open a store with. He wanted to kiss us all round—particularly Minnie.'

'For shame, George S. Clayton!' said his mother.

'But an Englishman won't do like that,' Minnie resumed. 'He would be ashamed to show so much feeling. He'll say, "Awfully good of you to pick me up—I might have joined the majority, don't you know? Hope you'll look me up if you come to England. Might offer you some shooting, don't you know?"'

All laughed at Minnie's imitation of the English accent, and

then Miss Susie said she positively must go, but that she would be sure to come in again that evening to witness Mr. Heron's display of gratitude. Meantime Minnie, having briefly dismissed Mr. Nathaniel McCarthy, had gone to her room, where there was a piano and plenty of music. After a little deliberation she selected a sonata of Dussek's and practised it over three or four times. Then she sang an Italian song, and then one of Sullivan's ballads; and it should be stated that she sang and played very much better than most young ladies do. When she had finished playing and singing she sat still for a long time thinking. And her thoughts ended with the reflection that it was very strange of her father to bring round to the house a man whom he didn't know and whom he had literally picked up in the street. It was very absurd of him (dear old dada!) and very remarkable too—quite an event, indeed.

CHAPTER II.

MR. HERON called on Mr. Clayton that evening and was presented to his family. As he shook hands with Mrs. Clayton he said:

'I believe I owe my life to your husband's presence of mind and quickness. As long as I live I shall be indebted to him. I don't know that the life he saved is very valuable to humanity, but I at least may be permitted to feel some gratitude. At any rate, I do feel it, and you must let me say so.'

He spoke warmly, and Mrs. Clayton was a little moved.

'Well now,' said her husband, 'I don't know about what you have been saying. The cow-catcher mightn't have hurt you much. But I guess it's as well as 'tis.'

Mrs. Clayton inquired if he had been much hurt by the fall.

'Very little indeed, Mrs. Clayton,' he replied. 'And a little arnica and the few bandages I have got on will soon put everything straight. Nothing will remain of the accident except the memory and the obligation.'

Soon the conversation became general. Mr. Heron spoke of his visit to America. He had come over to see the country, and he meant to diverge from the beaten track. Every Englishman looked at Niagara, and saw how pigs were massacred at Chicago; he wanted, if possible, to see something that was not down in tourists' handbooks. That was why he had come to Emersonville, as he was told it was one of the most characteristic of

Western cities. He thought so too. He felt that he had got to understand a good deal about America during the few days he had been there.

Mrs. Clayton inquired if he was fond of dancing.

'Ah,' he said, 'that depends. It is only the ladies that really love dancing for its own sake. The ladies, in fact, are so fond of dancing that they endure their partners; with men the case is reversed.'

'Ah,' said Mrs. Clayton, 'now if you refuse to dance while you are here, we shall know the reason.'

When Mr. Heron had taken his leave—and he avoided the common error of staying too long—Mrs. Clayton turned to her daughter with a small air of triumph.

'Well, Minnie?'

'Oh, mamma, invite him if you like. I am sure I don't mind. I don't see anything particularly objectionable in him.'

Miss Susie Trump was much more enthusiastic. Mr. Heron had such nice manners, was so very well dressed, in such good taste; it was easy to see he was well connected, and all that. There was no longer any hesitation about sending the invitation; the question now was whether Mr. Heron would come.

Mr. Heron *did* come to the ball. He had been intending to leave Emersonville, but postponed his intention. He explained this to Mrs. Clayton.

'Even if I had left,' he said, 'I would have come back.'

Mr. Heron made a very good impression on Emersonville society on that evening. He was undeniably good-looking, and everybody agreed that he danced beautifully. And he on his side was quite enthusiastic about the ball. Never had he seen so much beauty and grace, so much vivacity and sprightliness; never had he enjoyed himself so much.

'Why, I would come over from England,' he said to Mrs. Clayton, 'for just another evening like that.'

'Better stop here for a little while,' was the reply; 'perhaps we will ask you again.'

This was already nearly a week after the *soirée dansante*, and Mr. Heron had not fixed the date of his departure. Soon he ceased to talk of going at all. He was travelling only for pleasure, he said, and he was best off where he was. It would be foolish to leave a place where he was so well treated, and was having such a good time.

Mrs. Clayton's house was not the only one where Mr. Heron

was welcome. All Emersonville threw open its doors to him, and he went everywhere. And the city had never been so gay as it was that winter. The presence of a distinguished foreigner seemed to mark an epoch in the history of the town. Emersonville had left the provincial stage and taken a cosmopolitan position. Mr. Heron, with his many stories of the great world, represented London and Paris, Rotten Row and the Champs Elysées. Then personally he was extremely popular. He did his best to please, and he succeeded. The men were delighted with the free and easy way in which he spoke of Personages and Institutions. He was not a narrow-minded Englishman, insular and prejudiced; he delighted to ridicule the anomalies of English society, and had but scant respect for that monument of wisdom, the British Constitution. And he reviled the English climate, the London fogs, the grey skies, the sunless summer, the constant fear of rain. And he admired America, its customs, and its manners, not indiscriminately, but with certain sarcastic reservations, just sufficient to give a zest to his general tone of contentment. Mr. Clayton, for example, was never so pleased as when he declaimed against the locomotives 'which you let run loose in your streets.' And his comment on the sweetness of the champagne they drank as an almost touching instance of chivalrous devotion to the fair sex was felt not to exceed the limits of kindly criticism.

With the ladies he was a very great favourite, though they didn't care so much about his Republican sentiments, which seemed out of place in an Englishman. Miss Susie, for instance, was sorely puzzled to know why he had not the prefix 'the Hon.' printed on his visiting card. At last she found courage to ask him, and he seemed to think the question an odd one. But he said that he thought titles were ridiculous altogether, unless it was such a prefix as Colonel or General which one had gained for oneself. Miss Trump didn't agree with him, and she said so. And so she forgot her intention of inquiring further why he called himself simply P. Heron and not Percy George Hubert Heron. For the young lady had been making researches into the family history of the interesting stranger. She had procured a 'Debrett'—the first 'Debrett' that had ever entered Emersonville—and there she had found that Heron was the family name of the Earls of Eaglescliffe, and that their family seat was Hernshaw Castle in the north of Lancashire; that the eldest son was still unmarried, and that Percy was the second; that he had five sisters—

Gwendoline, Maud, Alice, Edith, and Clara. Miss Trump's inquiries may appear to show that she was taking a special interest in Mr. Heron. And in confirmation of this view it may be stated that she twice expressed the dislike and contempt she felt for her name of Susan, and on being asked what name she would prefer she replied on the first occasion Gwendoline and on the second Maud. And she danced with him a good deal. Everybody noticed that—Mr. Clayton, junior, most of all. But none of the young ladies had any scruple about stating their liking for Mr. Heron. Everybody agreed that he was handsome, that he had the nicest possible manners, and that he was 'very, very bright.' One could not help admiring the skill with which he parried the question whether English girls were prettier than American. This inquiry was put to him a hundred times, and no one could say what his opinions were. But the ladies were delighted with one concession: he admitted that the American girls were better dressed. English girls were apt to be dowdy, their dresses often didn't fit or had no style. American ladies were just perfect in these respects. Yet though Mr. Heron was so very popular from the outset, an event occurred after he had been in the city about two months which raised the tide of admiration still higher, and at the same time showed how thoroughly English he really was. It was at Mrs. Clayton's that he visited most often. Her *soirées musicales* were the boast of the city. Even the altogether unmusical appreciated the air of refinement which hung round the names of Chopin, Schubert, and Rubinstein. Mr. Heron attended these gatherings, and was as delighted with them as he was with everything else. And on one occasion after Minnie had been playing and he was applauding, she said:

'What a pity it is, Mr. Heron, that you do not play or sing. It is such an accomplishment for a young man.'

Mr. Heron smiled, but said nothing.

Suddenly his skill and correctness in turning over the leaves of her music occurred to Minnie—flashed across her mind as she said afterwards.

'Mamma,' she said, 'I believe Mr. Heron does play and understands all about music, though he hasn't said so.'

Mrs. Clayton gazed at him; his smile grew more self-conscious and there were traces of a blush upon his cheek.

'Sit down at that piano right away,' cried she, 'and play for the rest of the evening, or we will never speak to you again.' Mr. Heron made a comic gesture of deprecation and took his seat.

He played a short piece of Heller's, and when he had finished Minnie sighed.

'I have never heard such playing; we must all feel very small just now.'

'Oh, you bad man,' cried Mrs. Clayton, 'bad, bold deceiver!' she shook her finger at him menacingly; 'we shall devise some punishment for you. And to begin with you shall play before Herr Neumeister, and he will criticise you terribly.'

Herr Neumeister was the moving spirit of Emersonville in things musical. He had been Miss Clayton's teacher, and still presided over her musical work. The city was proud of Herr Neumeister; it was something to have a man who had known Liszt and Wagner. He came just then into the drawing-room with Mr. Clayton, and was told of what had taken place. His face put on an expression compounded of keen interest and judicial gravity.

'Play something at once, my friend; I will hear you.' Every one looked on with some degree of excitement. Miss Susie was visibly agitated and nervous. Minnie succeeded in concealing what she felt, whatever it was.

Mr. Heron struck a thunderous chord and began. It was a piece of light rippling music, sounding like happy laughter, now sinking into tenderness, now rising almost to passion, but underlying all there was a constant note of happiness and unconquerable joy.

'You play well, young man, very well indeed. You are almost a genius,' said Herr Neumeister gravely. 'And your *morceau* is very beautiful. But I do not know it.'

'It is a little thing of my own,' said the other, half laughing. 'It occurred to me recently. I hope I may dedicate it to Miss Clayton. I would like,' he went on, almost shyly, 'to call it "Minnie." I have tried to translate Miss Clayton into music.'

'Young man,' said Herr Neumeister, 'I was mistaken in calling you almost a genius; *Lieber Himmel*, you are a genius! I tell you it—I, who have known Liszt and Wagner. That composition ought to make you famous.'

The circle of listeners were enthusiastic, Mr. Clayton most of all.

'I do not say,' Herr Neumeister went on, 'that your piece is faultless. But it is a work of genius. And from an Englishman too! In England when I was there they really liked nothing but "Home Sweet Home" with variations. *Ach*, it is wonderful!'

Mr. Heron was pressed to play again, and with a comic look at Herr Neumeister he struck into that piece of Thalberg's which had been mentioned by the laudatory German. He snorted disapprobation, but the others were really better pleased than they had been before. The conclusion was greeted with loud plaudits, and almost every one present felt it incumbent to compliment Mr. Heron personally.

'So you've been keeping the right bower up your sleeve all along,' said Mr. Clayton, junior. 'I don't know when the other piano-slammers will forgive you. They all feel mighty cheap, you bet.'

'Well, young man,' said the father, beaming all over, 'I guess we don't exactly know who we've got here. But the way you've played it off on us is rather mean.'

The object of all these compliments appeared not a little embarrassed. In tragic terms he implored Mrs. Clayton to save him from his friends. That lady put on an air of sternness :

'I shan't forgive you for a long time,' she said. 'You'll have to give a concert for our new church any way.'

'Oh!' exclaimed he, and was gone.

And then the chorus of admiration broke out again, and Herr Neumeister spoke many an oracular sentence of deep approbation. And the wonder was not only at his talent, but at the way he had hidden it. To be able to play like that and then to be content to listen—it showed how much depends on national characteristics. Mr. Heron was a thorough Englishman after all. No one could imagine a Frenchman or a German or even an American acting like that.

Miss Susie Trump regretted immensely that she had once told Mr. Heron that she didn't care at all for music except dance music. She remembered too how, when she was a little girl, her mother had told her that she would be sorry if she neglected her practice. She felt that that time had come. She was not going to break her heart for Mr. Heron (or for anybody), but she couldn't help seeing how different he was from any of the young men of Emersonville. And among them her depreciatory glance included Mr. George S. Clayton, whose attentions were now growing a little wearisome. She was afraid she had offended Mr. Heron. His manner had changed towards her slightly, she thought. The change was very, very slight, imperceptible to any one but herself, but she dated it from a certain afternoon when she had had a long

talk with him alone. She had asked him to describe Hernshaw Castle. He had done so, very briefly.

And then she had extended her curiosity to his family. What were his sisters like? Did they write frequently? Was he very fond of them? To this he had made only evasive replies, and had hastened to change the subject. Looking back on that afternoon, she felt sure that her inquisitiveness had displeased him. She herself was ready to admit that it was in bad taste, if not actually vulgar.

Meantime Minnie was walking about her room at home with flushed cheeks. She had a habit of walking about when she was at all uneasy, and now she was quite excited. She remembered with painful vividness that she had been not a little proud of her musical ability, and pleased to display it to Mr. Heron. A red spot seemed to burn in each cheek as she thought how she had once or twice tried to instruct him how to admire correctly, how she had interpreted music to him and told him a lot of things, which he had listened to with the greatest attention. And perhaps he was laughing at her all the time. But was he? She thought over many different things he had said, and decided that if his admiration was not sincere it was a superb piece of acting. But she felt that that evening made a difference in their relations. They must now either be less friendly or—Minnie did not state the alternative to herself very distinctly, but she ceased to pace about the room. She untwisted the coils of her hair and let its soft brown masses come rippling about her shoulders, and then for a long time she sat gazing intently at the points of her diminutive satin slippers.

CHAPTER III.

CHRISTMAS had passed, the new year had come, and the month of January was more than half-way through its course, and Mr. Heron was still at Emersonville. He was by this time quite one of the accepted institutions of the place. He had given a concert, assisted by Minnie and the choir, in aid of the new Presbyterian Church; he had entertained his entertainers by a ball, in arranging which the Central Hotel was thought to have distinguished itself. And he had learned to like sleighing and had bought a sleigh of his own, the most 'elegant' in the city.

And in this sleigh he was riding with Minnie one fine afternoon, while her father and mother sat in the little parlour and talked of them.

'Well,' said Mr. Clayton, 'I guess that young man hasn't stopped over here so long for nothing.'

'Silas P. Clayton,' said his wife, 'this is your doing. You brought him here first.'

'Is it all fixed up between them, do you suppose?'

'There's no doubt about what he thinks. I've seen it in him ever so long. And I guess Minnie has pretty well made up her mind now.'

After a pause Mrs. Clayton added :

'I suppose they will have to live over there?'

Mr. Clayton's face lost its radiance.

'I suppose they will,' he answered slowly; 'somehow that idea didn't seem to come to me before. I suppose I must have thought of it, but it didn't catch right hold of me.'

'Perhaps,' he went on after a little, 'perhaps we are all wrong, and Minnie would laugh at us for a couple of old fools. There's young M'Carthy now.'

Mrs. Clayton shook her head.

When Minnie returned from the sleigh ride her face was radiant, her eyes beamed. Her father was watching for her in the window, and she waved him a kiss, but ran up to her own room without speaking to anybody. Then she threw off her heavy furs, dropped into a rocking-chair, and began to sway herself to and fro gently. She was thinking, dreaming, musing, reflecting, remembering, conjuring up the dimly outlined future. She recalled the day when she first met Percy—she had for some time thought of him as Percy—and how he had stared and she had been a little angry. And she remembered, too, how she had disliked him, or had thought she had. She understood that feeling now. And so her thoughts drifted on till she came to the sleigh ride of that afternoon, and her mouth wreathed itself in frequent smiles as she thought of what had been said and done in that brief hour. His declaration—nearly shipwrecked by a passing complication of the reins, she laughed as she thought of it—and her responsive avowal, and the moment when, his hands still on the reins, their lips had touched and quickly parted again. And then she thought of him—so handsome, so graceful, so refined, admired by everybody. But all that was nothing; he was a genius. She was sure of his greatness. Her eye ranged round

the room, and fell on the portraits of great musicians which hung on the walls—Beethoven, Schubert were there, Chopin and Liszt. And she felt that he might by and by rank with these great names, and her bosom heaved with the pride of love worshipping genius. At last she sat down at the piano and began to sing. Mr. Heron had given her recently the ‘*Spanischer Cyclus*’ of Schumann, and she fell on the last song. Her voice rose and sank again in silvery waves of happiness.

Der mich liebt, den lieb’ ich wieder,
Und ich weiss, ich bin geliebt.

Her mother came to the door, and stopped listening awhile to the music. The song went on, and after a minute she turned away and left the young girl to her solitary happiness. Mrs. Clayton knew how to practise self-denial.

That evening Mr. Heron received a visit from Mr. Clayton, junior.

‘I’ve come to bid you good-bye,’ he said, ‘good-bye for a time at least. We may meet on the other side, you know. Unless you stop here for good.’

‘You are going to Europe?’ cried Mr. Heron astonished.

‘Exactly. It is like this. Susie and I have quarrelled, and she has thrown me over altogether. We broke off before, and made it up afterwards, maybe we’ll do so again. But it doesn’t look like it just now. Anyway, I think I had better clear out for a bit. See what absence will do. So I am going to see Europe, beginning with the Britishers, and I thought I would ask you to give me letters of introduction to one or two people—just one or two, so that I may not be a complete stranger over there.’

Mr. Heron looked at him with an oddly curious look.

‘When do you go?’

‘To-night. Everything is arranged. I don’t take much baggage. Better buy it over there.’

‘And you want letters of introduction—of course—letters to people—letters——’

He trailed off into silence.

The other looked a little surprised.

‘Of course if you don’t care about giving them—if you don’t wish me to know your friends—say so straight out.’

‘My dear fellow,’ said the other quickly, ‘pray don’t talk like that. I shall be pleased to make you known to all my friends; but who are they, now?’

'There's your father, the Earl of Eaglescliffe. Susie seems to think so much of earls I want to see what one is like.'

'The Earl of Eaglescliffe—yes, there is the Earl certainly, and——'

He paced about the room, the other watching him with surprise and curiosity. Then he said:

'Give me your address in London or—or New York. I will write to you there, and you may rely that I will do everything for you I can.'

When his friend was gone Mr. Heron sat for some time thinking, brooding, meditating. The ladies of Emersonville would have been surprised if they had seen him there. He looked careworn, almost haggard. At last he rang the bell and summoned his valet.

'Smith,' he said, 'to-day is Tuesday, isn't it?'

'Yes, sir.'

'I am going to leave this place on Friday; you will stop a day longer and square up everything, and then come on with the luggage. Mind you are not to mention this to anybody.'

Mr. Smith was very much surprised, but being a well-trained servant, he didn't let his surprise appear. He asked where they were going.

'To Chicago first of all, then to New York, and then back to England probably.'

On the Friday afternoon mentioned Mr. Heron was starting to pay a visit to the Claytons. A letter was brought him, which he opened and read rapidly. It was from Mr. George Clayton, and to the effect that he had altered his plans and was not going to England. He intended to pass the rest of the winter in Cuba, and then to visit some of the South American countries. Hence the letters of introduction were unnecessary. Mr. Heron drew a deep breath of relief as he laid down the letter.

'This is a respite,' he cried, 'and yet——'

He started out to walk, and almost automatically took the street that led to Mr. Clayton's house.

He found Minnie alone.

'Mamma is paying visits, and Papa is still at the office,' she said, 'so you will have to be content with my society. Can you endure a *tête-à-tête*, do you think?'

She smiled half lovingly, half mischievously, at him, and held out her hand.

He raised it to his lips. For a moment he bent over her as she reclined in her low rocking-chair.

'Percy,' she said, 'sit on that ottoman. I like to see you at my feet, you know, now and then at least, and talk. I am just dying to hear what you have to say. And then I've something to tell you.'

He took not the ottoman, but a chair, and sat silent for some time.

'Why, Percy,' exclaimed Minnie, 'you don't look very cheerful. I shan't feel flattered if you continue to look so doleful. Why, what is the matter?'

For his effort after a smile was a dismal failure.

'Minnie—Miss Clayton,' at last he said, speaking very slowly, 'I have a confession to make. What I have to say will make you hate me, or rather despise me altogether.'

He hesitated, and Minnie was about to speak.

'Let me get it all out at once,' he said. 'Let me tell you first of all that I am an impostor, that I have been living here all this time on false pretences, that I am a low, common adventurer—a swindler—a——'

'Mr. Heron,' said Minnie, 'before you call yourself any more names, will you have the goodness to explain what you mean?'

'This—that I have pretended to be rich when I am almost a beggar—that I have let you suppose I was well connected when——'

He hesitated for a moment, and then went on with a rush, as it were.

'My father, Miss Clayton, kept a barber's shop in the Euston Road—a second-rate thoroughfare in London.'

Minnie's head seemed to become a chaos, a confused whirl. She remembered vaguely to have read of a Frenchman who (at Chicago, she thought) had given himself out for a count, had been received everywhere, and had only been discovered to be a swindler when he had escaped with much plunder from confiding jewellers. Then on the other hand, there was the liking every one had for Mr. Heron; he seemed so amiable, so intelligent, such a perfect gentleman too. Then her own feelings and the sleigh ride of a few days before—a burning sense of shame was the first distinct feeling to struggle out of the tumult in her mind.

'Miss Clayton,' he went on, 'I have come to tell you my whole story, and I hope you will let me go through with it. In an hour or two I am leaving this town, and you will never see me again. But I must speak first, and when you have heard all, if you can find some little shadow of excuse for me, if you can

believe that I am not utterly base and villainous—I hope you will.

‘When I was about sixteen it was discovered that I had a talent for music. But my father couldn’t pay for my education. I had to go to business of some kind or other and earn my living. I pass over some years of hopeless drudgery, dull, pack-horse work. At last my father died, and I was alone in the world, or nearly so. My mother had been dead for some years. I sold my father’s business, furniture, everything. He had left some small savings, and I got all together and devoted myself to the study of music. My teacher was kind and encouraging, and prophesied brilliant success for me. But before my training was properly complete, he died, and I was left almost friendless; for I had counted on him to set me going in my profession. My money was almost gone. I hadn’t been as careful as I ought—I had always a taste for luxury, and I was obliged to look for pupils. I had a difficulty in finding any, but after a while I had a few. I taught the five-finger exercises to reluctant little boys and girls. I hated the work and I was wretchedly paid. I struggled on and I worked hard. The jingling old piano I possessed used to resound for six hours a day. I hoped that I might one day be famous—by and by attain some recognition. At last I got so far that I was asked to perform at an important concert where only musicians appear. The occasion was very unfortunate. The attendance was meagre and not responsive. I was nervous, and I—failed. I had missed my chance. But I took to writing music. I composed songs, sonatinas, and “rhapsodies,” went through the whole cycle of musical composition, but to no purpose. I could never find a publisher or a conductor to give my works a hearing. I was disheartened and disgusted altogether with my wretched penurious life. One day, I remember it well, I came back to my lodgings and found two postal packets waiting for me. I knew what they were only too well—MSS. returned from music publishers—and the sight of them almost enraged me. After a while I opened the packets and found a great surprise. One was a returned score, the other was a letter from a lawyer informing me that an aunt, whom I hardly knew at all, had died leaving me all her property. She had kept a public-house. The only time I saw her was behind her own bar, fat and florid, overdressed and vulgar—like all my connections. She was good-natured, and she had, though I didn’t know it, been present at the concert where I broke down, and out of pity for me she left me all she had. It

amounted, with the goodwill of the business and so on, to over 2,000*l*. My first feeling of elation soon gave way to the thought that this did not do much for me after all. The interest of that money wouldn't carry me very far, and if I spent the principal I should soon be as badly off as ever. I despaired of my career, and soon formed a resolution. At all events I would be free for a time, and escape the dog's life I was leading. Then the idea occurred to me to pass myself off for a man in good position, and try to make a rich marriage. A mean and miserable idea, but it didn't seem so then. I was sick of the scanty bread and water of honesty, and ready to see if quackery and imposition wouldn't succeed better. And a rich marriage seemed the most practicable thing. That idea brought me across the Atlantic, chance brought me here. You know the rest.'

Minnie had listened to this long speech attentively, but like one in a dream. His voice seemed faint and far away. Now she nerved herself to speak.

'You have pleaded your cause with great ability, Mr. Heron'—she hesitated before this word—'but that doesn't alter the fact that you are an adventurer and what you called yourself just now. We certainly took you for a gentleman. We are not very skilled in reading character in this city, it seems. We are too hospitable to anonymous strangers.'

'I have a right, Miss Clayton, to the name you know me by. I never claimed the prefix. I know I acquiesced in the mistake. I never contradicted it, and I allowed every one to believe it.'

'Mr. Heron,' said Minnie coldly, 'it is quite unnecessary to say anything to settle the exact amount of fraud you have been guilty of. I would recommend you to go away before your story is known. Our people are impulsive and not accustomed to draw fine distinctions. If you stopped here you might meet with some unpleasantness.'

'I leave this very day in an hour,' was the reply. 'But there is one thing I must say first. It is just this. I never intended to entrap any confiding girl into marriage. If I found any woman who could really care for me I meant to tell her exactly how things stood. I am sure I meant this. But when I saw you my scheme seemed all of a sudden base and vile. I knew I ought to get away from here, but I couldn't. I loved you, Minnie, from the very first wholly and entirely. And I shall always love you, sincerely, passionately, hopelessly. And perhaps you will remember that I have told you all this of my own free will. Here is the

photograph you gave me yesterday. You don't know how I would like to keep it, but I have no right. And I hope, though you will always think badly of me, that some day you will think as little badly of me as you can. You will say "He was an adventurer, an impostor, but he really loved me." As for me, I know I have been horribly wrong all through, but my punishment is heavy enough, the punishment of never being able to forget you, never being able to help loving you.'

Minnie did not speak nor look at him, and he moved slowly away.

In the porch he met Miss Susie, on a visit to her friend.

'Why, Mr. Heron, we haven't seen you for an age. You won't forget our dance to-morrow?'

'Miss Trump,' he replied, 'I am going away to-night and shall not be able to be present.'

Susie looked very disappointed.

'Then you must come round and wish Mamma good-bye, Mr. Heron. But we shall miss you dreadfully; at least I shall.'

'I must say good-bye to you now, Miss Trump. And you must convey my adieux to your mother and my gratitude to everybody.'

A tear stole down Susie's cheek.

'Mr. Heron,' she said slowly, 'I don't want you to go.'

'Think kindly of me when I am gone,' he replied sadly, and hurried away.

'Poor fellow!' sighed Susie. 'Minnie has refused him after all.'

And she sighed again.

Meantime, Minnie had taken refuge in her own room. With burning cheeks and blazing eyes she paced about restlessly. She felt deeply humiliated. She had become the victim of a vulgar adventurer. She had been entrapped into a confession of love. The memory of that sleigh ride overwhelmed her with burning shame. He had kissed her. The thought outraged her self-respect. She felt insulted, disgraced. And she could not get free from the idea; it seemed to cling to her, to twine about her like a serpent, to sting, to bite. On the piano was the piece of music he had given her. The words seemed to mock her now:

Der mich liebt, den lieb' ich wieder,
Und ich weiss, ich bin geliebt.

She tore the poor sheet into shreds, and then—then she threw

herself on the couch, buried her face on the cushions, and burst into a tempest of tears. That was how she was found by her friend Susie, who came in full of curiosity and of pity for 'poor Mr. Heron.'

Epilogue.

Three years after. Heron had returned ashamed of himself and humbly ready for any work. And he had patiently gone back to the little boys and girls and First Instruction Book and the Five-finger exercises, and 'Lilla's a Lady.' And he had worked in writing, not symphonies, but modest little rondos and cavatinas, which publishers had begun not to be afraid of. And he had gone over his old compositions carefully, excising, rewriting, and altering. And he had thumped away at a piano no less rickety than the one he had left—thumped away patiently, industriously, for whether he would attain success as an executant or a composer was still uncertain. Indeed, it was uncertain for a long time whether he would attain success at all, but he laboured for it with tremendous energy. And in all and through all and beneath all there was the underlying hope that he might be able by and by to show certain people across the Atlantic that he was something better than a vulgar adventurer after all. Minnie perhaps in years to come might play his music to her husband and tell him his story not quite unkindly. And he found himself capable of patience. 'He that will have a cake out of the wheat must needs tarry the grinding.' He could wait; he waited, and at last he had achieved a great success. He had got the opportunity of playing one of his compositions to an audience accustomed to Beethoven and Schubert. And this time he had not failed. The musical critics had praised his performance highly, and still more highly his composition; one had even echoed Herr Neumeister's praises, and had hailed the rising of a new star, the discovery of a new genius who might hereafter reflect glory on his country, not yet the native land of great musicians. The audience had been very kind, and when for an encore he by a sudden inspiration had played his 'Minnie' impromptu, they had been enthusiastic, enraptured. He had left the hall feeling that at any rate he had taken a great step; the Instruction Book and its 'easily fingered' melodies need trouble him no more. This was quite clear after a visit to a certain firm of music publishers. He had called there by appointment, and came away thinking them the most considerate and courteous of men. He walked slowly down

Bond Street, wondering if he was really going to be famous after all. At the corner of Burlington Gardens, he was stopped by an exclamation—

‘Why, if that isn’t Mr. Heron now!’

‘Miss Trump!’ he cried out in some astonishment.

‘Mrs. George S. Clayton,’ corrected the gentleman of that name. ‘We’ve been married a good deal more than a year. This is February, and we were married a year ago last December. “Ah! distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December.” But what are you doing, any way? Are you still as fond of music as ever?’

‘You haven’t changed the least little bit,’ said the wife.

‘By the bye,’ said Mr. Clayton, ‘when we were at Monte Carlo last winter we met another Mr. P. Heron. There was a lot of other initials, but I didn’t keep count of them. Seems there are two of you. But the other one isn’t as good-looking as you. Red hair and freckles; not at all bright either. I was going to tell him about you, but Susie said I’d best not.’

Mr. Heron couldn’t help seeing that the lady gave a nudge to her husband, who chattered away on other topics—the bad weather, the theatres, and so on.

By and by he managed to ask after the Claytons; he dared not allude to Minnie singly.

‘Why, they’re’—the young man began, but another warning nudge induced him to substitute ‘quite well and hearty’ for whatever he would have said. ‘Minnie’—but this time a glance from his wife silenced him altogether.

‘Is now Mrs. Mc’Carthy, I suppose?’ Mr. Heron continued.

‘Don’t you believe it,’ was the response. ‘Nathaniel certainly did fool round for some time after you left, but at last he concluded to try change of air. He’s been married now nigh upon a year to a girl in Cincinnati.’

They had been standing at the door of the Bristol Hotel.

‘Won’t you come in,’ said Mr. Clayton, ‘and have lunch?’

But Mrs. Clayton did not second the invitation, and he declined.

‘Give George your address; we shall want to see you again,’ she said.

And as he took her hand at parting, her eyes met his and seemed to be asking questions.

The interview had been very unpleasant for him. He felt sunk, hopelessly lowered in his own estimation; his mind reverted

to his last day in Emersonville, and the disgrace seemed too deep to be effaced. Whatever he might become, he had been a shameless adventurer. There would be always one place in the world where people had the right to think meanly of him.

Two days after he received a telegram. 'Meet me 2.30 American Bar, Criterion.—Clayton.'

He went, and was surprised to find not the son but the father.

'Guess you expected to see George,' said Mr. Clayton; 'but he and Susie went on to Paris this morning. Sit down and have something.'

He made the usual inquiries about health.

'Quite well,' said Mr. Clayton. 'The fogs seem to suit us. We have been here some time. We are stopping in a hotel on Jermyn Street, just in the next block.'

There was an awkward pause, and the arrival of the drinks that had been ordered was a relief. Mr. Heron bent over his glass and trifled with his straw. Mr. Clayton watched him with a sort of half smile.

'This is a mighty fine city,' he said at last. 'There are no locomotives running round the streets here.'

'Ah,' said the young man, 'I owe you my life and——'

'Ah,' said Mr. Clayton, 'don't say anything more about that.' After a moment he continued: 'It was only yesterday that Minnie told me why you cleared out so mighty sudden. Seems your father wasn't an earl after all. You didn't act quite square by us about it, did you now? No doubt you've been sorry for it since. That was three years ago, and we don't run much to earls any way. Don't suppose there are many earls could beat you on the piano. You could give most of them a few points, I reckon. So come round to our hotel for an hour, Minnie will be glad to see you.'

On their way Mr. Clayton told him that they had witnessed his triumph at the concert.

'When you played that encore piece, I felt kind of touched. I believe Minnie did too. And the other day Susie told her she had met you and they had a long talk together—about the spring fashions I suppose.'

They entered the hotel, and Mr. Heron was almost agitated as he saw Minnie's gloves lying on the table of the sitting room.

'Guess I'll leave you here, young man,' said Mr. Clayton. 'Minnie will be down directly, I expect. I've got to fetch my wife from Earls Court, where she's been having lunch.'

Mr. Clayton went away and he was left alone for some time, and then the door opened and the dear figure and face which had never been absent from his memory stood before him visible and actual.

When Mr. Clayton returned, he observed that a rose which had been in Minnie's hair was now in Mr. Heron's coat. He was playing vigorously on the piano, Minnie listening smilingly.

'That's a mighty fine piece,' he said. 'What is it?'

'Marsch der Davidsbündler gegen die Philister,' replied the pianist.

'Ah, I don't know Dutch; Minnie understands it, I suppose.'

'I'll run upstairs and see mother,' said Minnie. 'Mr. Heron can go away or stop and talk to you, just as he likes.'

R. SHINDLER.

Father Damien and the Lepers.

PERHAPS no spot on the face of the earth can equal, for concentrated misery and hopeless horror, a little village-settlement in the Pacific island of Molokai. Here dwell, in total isolation from the world outside them, and forbidden by fate ever to escape, even in hope, from the 'land of precipices' which is their living grave, some hundreds of men, women, and even quite young children, doomed creatures, whose life from day to day is a living death. The law of their country has driven them into isolation, has forced them to leave their happier friends for ever, and to live—some of them perhaps for scores of years—a life the wretchedness of which will end only with life itself. Of all the sad sights under the sun, surely none can be sadder than that presented by this miserable community of hopeless outcasts.

The Hawaiian or Sandwich Islands are cursed with the plague of leprosy. At what date the pestilence made its first appearance there, and in what way it was introduced, are matters of dispute with which we are not here concerned. The fact remains that by the year 1865 the disease had taken so terribly firm a hold on the people, and was producing such appalling results, that the Government was driven to take energetic measures of precaution. The islanders themselves were quite careless and indifferent in presence of the calamity that was relentlessly destroying them. Though leprosy is contagious, it is not very quickly so, and the reckless natives felt no fear of it. The lepers lived in the houses of their friends, eating from the same dish, smoking the same pipe, sleeping on the same mat. The sound and the sick would even wear one another's clothes. It was only too evident that such a people as this must be protected in spite of themselves, and that the only way of checking the ravages of a disease which was practically incurable was to isolate the sufferers from those whose blood was yet untainted. And so, when in 1865 the Hawaiian Legislature had passed the necessary Act, a leper-

settlement was established in the island of Molokai, to which, without any exception whatever, all the lepers of the islands were to be sent.

This well-meant law was very unpopular and was largely evaded. Hundreds of lepers remained scattered through the islands, protected and hidden by their friends. But when a new king came to the throne in 1873 the authorities showed greatly increased vigilance. The natives continued their not altogether blameworthy opposition, hiding their friends in forests and in caves; for they trembled at the very name of Molokai, knowing that those who once were landed on that island would never return. But the yearly search made by the Government officials was now too strict to be easily resisted. Between 1866 and 1885 more than three thousand lepers were sent to Molokai, of whom more than two thousand have died. No distinction of persons was made; the royal family itself was not exempt; Queen Emma's own cousin had to go. Europeans who showed the taint shared the fate of the native islanders. Among these was a very well-known half-white, an educated man, a lawyer eloquent in English and in Hawaiian, who, wishing to set an example of obedience to the law, voluntarily surrendered himself to the authorities, though, as the signs of the disease were in his case hardly to be detected, he might easily, for a time at least, have been free from all suspicion. It happened that Miss Bird, on one of her visits to Hawaii, was a witness of the departure of a band of lepers, among whom this half-white was prominent:—

He was riding about all this morning, taking leave of people, and of the pleasant Hilo lanes, which he will never see again, and just as the steamer was weighing anchor walked down to the shore as carefully dressed as usual . . . and escorted by nearly the whole native population. On my first landing here [Hilo], the glee club, singing and flower-clad, went out to meet him; now tears and sobs accompanied him, and his countrymen and women clung to him, kissing him to the last moment, whilst all the foreigners shook hands as they offered him their good wishes. He made a short speech in native, urging quiet submission to the stringent measures which Government is taking in order to stamp out leprosy, and then said a few words in English. His last words, as he stepped into the boat, were to all: '*Aloha*, May God bless you, my brothers,' and then the whale-boat took him the first stage towards his living grave. He took a horse, a Bible, and some legal books with him, and doubtless, in consideration of the prominent positions he has filled, specially that of interpreter to the Legislature, unusual indulgence will be granted to him.

Of the twelve Hawaiian Islands, eight are inhabited, and Molokai, an island seldom visited by travellers, is one of the smallest of these, being some thirty-five or forty miles long, and only seven miles wide in its widest part. Along the north shore of the island stretches a wide, grassy plain, forming a peninsula projecting from the main body of the island; and behind this plain rises a precipitous, almost perpendicular, wall of crags from two to three thousand feet in height. This line of inland mountain-cliffs, a practically impassable barrier extending from east to west, cuts off the northern part of the little island from any contact with the remainder, and makes all approach to it impossible except by sea. On this pleasant, sunny, grassy site of some six thousand acres of very fertile soil, imprisoned between the mountain-wall and the sea, stands the settlement assigned to the Hawaiian lepers. There are two villages, two or three miles apart. On the eastern side, at the base of the mountains, is the village Kalawao, and in corresponding situation on the western side the village Kalaupapa. This western village is the port, and—though there is access to the shore at the extreme eastern point of Kalawao—is practically the island's sole means of communication with the world outside. Except at these two points, this grassy peninsula running along the shore-line is fully a hundred feet above the level of the sea. It once was thickly inhabited, but the old native population has almost entirely vanished.

During the first six or seven years of the existence of the new settlement the lot of the unhappy exiles, quite apart from the horror of the disease which doomed them to their island-prison, was miserable and even cruel. The Government, wishing to work its new experiment as cheaply as possible, left the lepers very much to shift for themselves, and this was precisely what, by the very nature of the case, many of them were absolutely unable to do. Beyond purchasing the land and transferring the people to the few grass-thatched huts that existed on it, the authorities did little or nothing. They provided a few heifers and horses, one or two pairs of oxen, and a cart, and, having done this, the Hawaiian Board of Health actually hoped and imagined that with little or no delay the settlement would become self-supporting. This was a serious mistake made at the very outset. How could it be expected that some hundreds of diseased and suffering men, women, and children, many of them deprived of the use of their limbs, could show energy enough to build them-

selves houses, to plant and raise crops, and to establish law and order in their new home, as if they had been vigorous and voluntary emigrants? Of course they could do nothing of the kind, and the hopeless effort ended in confusion and misery. When the first batch of lepers arrived in Molokai six months had passed since the original inhabitants of the island had left it. During these six months of neglect the once cultivated fields had run to ruin; work on them was hard even for those who could work; and as fresh batches of sufferers continued to arrive, many of whom were unable to work at all, things went from bad to worse. The stronger settlers did what they could for themselves, leaving, with perfect indifference, the weaker to perish in abandoned wretchedness. Storms of rain and wind, ruining such crops of vegetables as had been planted, increased the pervading misery. Thus the authorities were soon forcibly reminded that if, for the benefit of the islands as a whole, these poor people were compulsorily removed from their homes and from the care of their friends, it was the imperative duty of the Government to see that their existence was not rendered more miserable than was absolutely unavoidable. Yet for a long time all that the Government did was of the most insufficient kind. There was no one to superintend the settlement; the housing and supplies of food and clothing were perfectly lamentable; for the sufferers who were in the last stages of the disease there were no nurses, not even a hospital. It is hardly credible, but it is the fact, that there was not a doctor in the island. No wonder that in such circumstances as these the settlement soon fell into a state of frightful disorder. The physical horror of the place was hardly greater than its lawlessness, vice, and debauchery. Most miserable, squalid, and abandoned were the hundreds of quarrelling, drinking, dying lepers in the leper-settlement at Molokai.

The extraordinary devotion of a European priest was the beginning of a great change for the better in this terrible state of things. In the early summer of 1873 a young Belgian Roman Catholic priest, who had previously been a missionary in Hawaii, and had thus been brought into some contact with the lepers of the islands, resolved to devote his life to the service of the wretched people in Molokai. In May, 1873, a Honolulu paper wrote:—

We have often said that the poor outcast lepers of Molokai, without pastor or physician, afforded an opportunity for the exercise of a noble Christian heroism, and we are happy to say that the hero has been found.

When the *Kilauea* touched at Kulawao last Saturday, Monseigneur Maigret and Father Damien, a Belgian priest, went ashore. The venerable Bishop addressed the lepers with many comforting words, and introduced to them the good Father, who had volunteered to live with them and for them. Father Damien formed this resolution at the time, and was left ashore among the lepers without a home or a change of clothing, except such as the lepers had to offer. We care not what this man's theology may be; he is surely a Christian hero . . . We hope his Majesty will remember the good priest who has gone voluntarily to minister to his Majesty's afflicted people on Molokai. If this is not a 'faithful minister of the Gospel,' we do not think he is to be found in these islands.

Father Damien was then thirty-three years of age, and in strong, robust health. He was a man of education and refinement, who might reasonably have looked forward to advancement in the Church. But he voluntarily sacrificed his future, dooming himself to live—and, of course, sooner rather than later to die—in a horror-stricken islet of the Pacific. For the first eleven years of his unremitting labour there, though he was in daily and hourly contact with all the physical dangers of the place, his own bodily health remained sound. But in 1884 there were forebodings; in 1885 the unmistakable signs began to show themselves; and now the Belgian priest, still hardly past the prime of his life, is unable to enjoy even an occasional return to such civilisation as Honolulu might offer him, for he is a leper himself among the lepers of Molokai. Writing to a friend in 1886, he says:—

Having no doubt of the real character of my disease, I feel calm, resigned, and happier among my people. Almighty God knows what is best for my sanctification, and with that conviction I say daily a good *Fiat voluntas Tua*. Please pray for your afflicted friend, and recommend me and my unhappy people to all servants of the Lord.

The beginning of real improvement in the leper-settlement may be said to date from the year in which Father Damien thus exiled himself for ever from the civilised world. He himself, in an official report addressed to the Hawaiian Board of Health, has given an account of his work for thirteen years among the lepers. When he landed in Molokai the state of the island was not quite so bad as it had been immediately after the foundation of the settlement. Private charity and some increase of Government assistance had done something to improve matters. But even in 1873 things were still bad enough. 'The miserable condition of

the settlement at that time,' says the Father, 'gave it the name of a living graveyard.' There were more than eight hundred lepers at that time in Molokai. In their miserable grass huts 'were living pell-mell, without distinction of ages or sex, old or new cases, all more or less strangers to one another, these unfortunate outcasts of society. They passed their time in playing cards, hula (native dances), drinking fermented ki-root beer, home-made alcohol, and with the sequels of all this.'

Father Damien was a priest, and his self-imposed duties, which would in any case have been onerous and painful enough, should not have been increased by the neglects and shortcomings of the civil administration. Yet it was Damien's first discovery that the temporal wants of his people were as great as their spiritual needs, and that if he was to do any good to their souls he must first of all do what he could for their bodies. When the Government had discovered the fatal absurdity of imagining that such a community might be left to support itself, supplies of food were from time to time despatched from Honolulu. But the poor people, one of the symptoms of whose disease is extreme voracity, complained bitterly of the inadequacy of the provisions doled out to them. And these supplies, all necessarily coming by sea, were irregular as well as insufficient, for Kalaupapa, at that time the only landing-place in the island, was in rough weather unapproachable by small boat or sailing-vessel. To add to this serious grievance, it was not at Kalaupapa that the lepers were settled. When Damien landed, Kalaupapa was only a deserted village of three or four wooden cottages and a few ruined grass-huts. The lepers lived at Kalawao; to get such supplies as were sent them they must go to the landing-place, and this journey of two or three miles was often a task beyond their strength. What wonder that the whole settlement was full of angry and sad complainings?

A first source of vexation and suffering was removed when it was arranged that for the future the food-supplies should be sent to the island by a small steamer instead of by sailing-vessel, so that regularity of arrival should at least be secured. And, as the water supply was bad and difficult of access, in the summer of 1873 some water-pipes were delivered to the settlement, those of the lepers who had the necessary strength gladly helping to lay them down. In the same year—the first year of the epoch of reform for Molokai—a new Board of Health granted an additional allowance of food. An easily digestible vegetable called *taro*, containing much starch, forms the best nourishment for the lepers

and is their staple food. On the north side of Molokai the natives of the island cultivate it in three valleys ; but, as the wall of cliffs prevents traffic by road, the *taro* is cooked and sent by sea, being then known as *parai* or *poi*. Rice, and meat or fish in lieu of the *poi*, are the other articles mainly provided. Sweet potatoes are cultivated by those lepers who are strong enough to plant and dig. But, though the additional allowance of food granted by the Government was welcome, Damien had for years to urge that what was absolutely necessary on this side had not yet been done. A committee which visited Molokai in 1878 was obliged to report that the wants of the people required far more consideration and attention than had yet been shown to them. Damien gave the committee an instance of the criminal carelessness with which the settlement was treated. An attempt had quite recently been made to drive a hundred head of cattle from the other side of the island over the precipices into the settlement. Twenty of the cattle were killed by falling over the sheer cliffs, and their carcases were served out as food for the lepers. As a result of Damien's representations and of the committee's inquiries, some slight improvements were made in 1878 ; but, in spite of this, when the Queen and Princess visited Molokai in 1874—Damien being among those who received them—the lepers were still complaining much of the insufficient food, and Mr. Ambrose Hutchison, the Under-Superintendent of the entire settlement, admitted that their complaints were not exaggerated. The royal visitors, examining for themselves, and inspecting the stores, found the stock of salmon so mouldy and soft as to be quite unfit for use, the sugar dark and dirty, and the bread, while tolerable considering its inferior quality, yet worse than that supplied to the prisons in the islands. The Princess herself drew up a report recommending more and better food and water. Much has been done since that time, but there is still abundant room for improvement. As late as 1886, Damien sadly writes to the Board of Health : ' Let me regretfully state, it is now several years, up to the present day, that not one-tenth of our lepers outside of the hospital yard have been enabled to enjoy the benefit of a small daily supply of milk.'

If the lepers, when Damien arrived among them, were miserably supplied with food, they were even in worse straits for shelter. They were for the most part living in mere huts made of branches of the castor-oil tree, covered over with grass or with leaves of the sugar-cane. These small, damp huts, which hardly

afforded a covering at all, greatly increased the frightful progress of the disease in the island. It is needless to add that the wretchedness of these so-called dwellings also greatly added to the peculiar loathsomeness of the disease, so that the young priest, while fulfilling his religious duties, was frequently forced to rush out of a hut that he might breathe the fresh, pure air. To reform all this was one of the first of the tasks which Damien set himself. It happened that in the winter of 1874 a heavy gale blew down the greater part of these half-rotten hovels, leaving many of the helpless lepers to lie in their blankets exposed to the wind and rain. Through Damien's representations, some schooner-loads of wooden framework were shipped to the island. This material was dealt out to the dwellers on the settlement. Those of the lepers who had a little money hired their own carpenters; some of the newer comers built their own dwellings at their own expense; while Damien himself constructed a good many small houses for those who had no means whatever. Later on, the Board of Health erected a number of comfortable dwellings. And thus, says Damien,

Little by little, at comparatively small expense to the Government, combined with private and charitable resources, were inaugurated the comfortable houses which constitute to-day the two decent-looking villages of Kalawao and Kalaupapa. I estimate the number of houses at present [1886], both large and small, somewhat over three hundred, nearly all whitewashed, and, so far, clean and neat, although a number of them are not yet provided with good windows. These houses, of course, cannot have the proper ventilation they need. . . . I am happy to remark that, if I compare the present with the past, the unfortunate people of to-day are not only more comfortable and better off in every respect, but their disease in general is a great deal milder and less progressive, and, in consequence, the death-rate is not so high. This is greatly due to an improvement in the houses.

Thus Damien had done what he could to procure for the exiles sufficient food and comfortable shelter. But the authorities had shown their usual remissness in one other essential particular. When Damien arrived in Molokai he found the lepers suffering much for the want of warm clothing. The small quantity of clothing supplied by the Government to each sufferer was actually expected to last for a whole year. On account of the inadequacy of the water supply, the miserably insufficient dress, which was all that most of the settlers had, was too often defective in cleanliness and decency. Some of the lepers, it is true, occasionally

received gifts from their friends in the different islands, but the friendless had no resource at all. There was not even a store in Molokai where those who had a little money of their own could buy the simplest necessities of dress. Damien could not work reform by magic, but with his arrival improvement began. A store was erected to supply, among other things, small luxuries and extras of food to those who could afford them, but especially for the sale of clothing. The Government, abolishing its yearly grant of garments, allowed in their place six dollars a year to each leper. This was a little better, but in 1886 Damien has still to write that the allowance is far too small for those who have no outside friends to assist them, and that charity alone can supply the deficiency.

There was one other terrible drawback to anything like well-being in the settlement when Damien devoted his life to it. Though it was a colony of sick men and women, there was no resident doctor. A medical man visited the island only about once a month, and this miserably insufficient arrangement positively lasted for five years after Damien's arrival. Till 1878, he himself, assisted by a European leper, had to do such doctoring as he could. There was, indeed, a so-called hospital at Kalawao, but the name was a mockery. It was a hospital where there were no doctors, no sisters of mercy, no resident nurses; where the only attendants were unpaid ones, who went and came as they pleased; who really had come to the island to attend only to their own personal friends, and who could not be compelled, or perhaps even expected, to do more. But what a wonderful change has now been effected! There is now a resident physician. In the hospital buildings at Kalawao this doctor has placed medicines with such simple instructions that anyone of ordinary intelligence can understand them. He has opened a dispensary at Kalaupapa, and does all he can to palliate the disease which he knows he need not try to cure. For the worst cases of all there are now excellently arranged hospitals, clean wooden buildings standing in a fenced enclosure of about two acres, with well-watered gardens for flowers and vegetables. Yet in spite of all this the lepers have a not unnatural prejudice against the hospital, for they remember the old mockery at Kalawao. They even seem to feel a dread of it, and what wonder? for in the old days when a patient entered the hospital it was the custom to send along with him, in the same conveyance, the coffin he was soon to occupy.

And Damien's more especial work as a priest and teacher?

For the children who live in the settlement with their parents or friends he has erected two schools. Close to Damien's house, and under his immediate charge, are two other buildings, one for boys, one for girls, children who are all separately lodged, and are all either orphans or utterly friendless in the island. In 1872 there was only one little Protestant church, its minister, a native of the islands, himself a leper; now there are five churches, two Roman Catholic, two Protestant, and one Mormon. Small in extent as the settlement is, Damien was not satisfied till he had built two places of worship, in order that the feeblest of his people might find a church within his reach. Before Damien's time the Church did as little for the lepers in death as in life. As the Government did not supply the two dollars which was the price of a rough board coffin, the unfortunates who died absolutely penniless were often buried without a coffin, even of the roughest and rudest kind. The poor wretches, in order to provide a common fund for their decent interment, formed a coffin association and held 'coffin-feasts,' at which contributions were made to the fund. But now, adjoining one at least of his churches, Damien has a large and well-inclosed burial-ground, where the dead are solemnly buried, whether they belong to Damien's own communion or not.

What a wonderful change this devoted man has worked everywhere in this abandoned islet! When he first reached it, the lepers were in a state of the most terrible degradation. 'In this place there is no law,' was the saying current among them. Though the other Hawaiian islands had abolished idolatry and adopted Christianity, in Molokai—where there was no missionary, no priest—the old paganism and all its horrible consequences reigned supreme. To make bad worse, the people had discovered a root which, when cooked and distilled in a very crude way, produced an intoxicating liquor of the most frightful kind, making those who drank it more like beasts than men. But Damien came, a priest and a teacher, among these abandoned, dying wretches. At first, as he says himself, his labours seemed to be almost in vain. But his kindness, his charity, his sympathy, and his religious zeal had not long to wait before their influence was felt. Before he reached Molokai, the leper-settlement was squalid, hideous, almost hellish; now it is a peaceful, law-abiding community, presenting an attractive and even on some sides a cheerful appearance. It is a colony of neat, whitewashed wooden cottages, some of them standing in the pasture-lands, some amongst fields of sweet potatoes, some even having their veran-

dahs and gardens of bananas and sugar-canes. Many of the lepers—who are all free from any payment of rent or taxes—form little colonies among themselves, enclosing and cultivating small patches of land, and living some little distance away from the two villages. In spite of their hopeless condition, it seems they are not really unhappy; they are fortunately not deprived of their share of that cheerfulness which is one of the marked characteristics of the Hawaiian people. Like their happier kinsfolk, they adorn themselves with wreaths of flowers in the pretty Hawaiian fashion; they have their company of Volunteers, and their very popular band of music. They carry out, as far as they can, the life of an ordinary Hawaiian village. Some of them weave mats; some open little shops for the sale of tobacco and small native trifles. All of them keep to the last their love of ornament, of bright colours, and especially of flowers. On one occasion they even had a grand ball in their hospital. What a Dance of Death!

Much as Father Damien, single-handed, has done for this poor flock of his, he could do, and is anxious to do, far more. The Hawaiian Government, with its limited resources, cannot perhaps give more assistance to the lepers than it now does, and the benevolence of the Hawaiian islanders has, of course, its necessarily fixed limits. For Father Damien himself the outside world can do nothing, for he is under a vow of poverty; but help given to his suffering people is really help given to himself. He has not spared himself in the lepers' service. He has been their 'doctor, nurse, carpenter, schoolmaster, magistrate, painter, gardener, cook, sometimes even their undertaker and gravedigger.' It is pleasant to know that his work has not passed entirely without English recognition. In at least one clergyman of the Church of England, the Rev. H. B. Chapman, Vicar of St. Luke's, Camberwell, Damien has found a friend whose sympathy has gone beyond mere words. In 1886 Mr. Chapman was able to send nearly a thousand pounds to Damien, most of the subscriptions coming from the poor. Damien in January, 1887, gratefully thanked his English friends:—

My Reverend and Dear Sir,—Your two letters of December 1, with enclosed draft for 975*l.*, arrived safely on the 17th inst. May your highly appreciated endeavour to assist my unfortunate people be as a magnetic point to attract special graces upon you, your family, and all the generous contributors, and thus be verified in each and every one of you the words of the Holy Scripture, *Benefacit animæ suæ vir misericors*, 'A merciful man doeth good to his own soul.' . . . I greatly

thank the charitable donors for the unbounded confidence they place in me for the disposal and distribution of their generous gifts for the comfort of the needy and unfortunate lepers. Being just now in the cold season, I send to-day to our Honolulu importers a large order for goods to supply all our needy, without distinction of race or creed, with suitable cloth and other necessities. The balance of the fund, whatsoever it may be, will be kept in reserve for future wants. By the arrival of these goods the scent of the flower of English love will be greatly appreciated by a great many poor destitute sufferers, whose cold and benumbed limbs will feel again the comfort of warm cloth. The majority of the receivers will, without doubt, express their thanks to their benefactors, and offer a fervent prayer for them. . . . I remain for ever your affectionate friend in our Divine Lord, *Oremus pro invicem*,

J. DAMIEN DE VEUSTER.

The large increase in the number of the lepers in Molokai compelled Damien to begin in 1888 the erection of yet another church. It is pleasant to have to add that when the obscure secretary of an obscure and rabidly ultra-Protestant society very abusively assailed Mr. Chapman for again coming to the assistance of a man whom this remarkable secretary had discovered to be 'an idolatrous priest of Antichrist' and a 'devotee of Baal,' the only result was a large increase in the fund for the self-sacrificing Father. The obscure secretary must console himself as best he can. If this strange individual thinks that the only issue of Damien's labour among the lepers is to make them 'twofold more children of hell than he is himself'—well, so much the worse for this strange individual. One need not share Damien's particular form of faith to recognise the simple and unrewarded heroism of his life and work. There are not too many heroisms in the world; the earth, as Carlyle said, will not become too God-like. Obscure bigots who are never tired of proclaiming that they are Christians will take very good care of that. But to ignorant intolerance, which presumes to revile such a life as Damien's because he is not this and he is not that, may be very decisively applied the crushing rebuke which the brother of the dead Ophelia addressed to the 'churlish priest' in *Hamlet*.

ARCHIBALD BALLANTYNE.

The Lost Bride.

[These verses were suggested by an Orcadian legend of what is there called 'Fairy-lifting.'—D. J. R.]

OH lonely, lonely is the night,
 And weary now the day to me;
 My life is lost to all delight
 Since my dear love no more I see.

Scarce one short month had come and gone
 Since to my home I brought my bride,
 When by the sea we sat alone,
 One summer evening, side by side.

We watched the wide-winged sea-gulls fly
 About the black cliffs, sharp and sheer,
 And in the blue depths of the sky
 Heard the lark's love-song ringing clear,

Till down the West the sun was rolled,
 And all the waters as he came
 Deepened from daffodil to gold,
 From gold to rose, from rose to flame.

Then swift from out the glowing West
 We saw a wild wind rush and wheel,
 Marking the still sea's shining breast
 As with a clear blue band of steel.

Far in the misty moorland grew
 Upon the air a wild sweet strain;
 From out my blood the life it drew
 And laid a spell upon my brain;

And still the music swelled, and still
 The low light stole along the North,
 And through the shadows on the hill
 The fairy-folk came riding forth.

On snow-white steeds the pipers rode,
 With faces wondrous calm and fair,
 And, on the wind behind them, flowed
 Like living fire their golden hair.

Green were their robes as the first Spring grass,
And aye they played a strange wild tune,
Sweet as the song of winds that pass
About the meadow-lands in June.

They passed, and as I strove in vain
To shake the spell that held me there,
I heard the clink of hoof and rein
And silvery laughter on the air.

With belt and plume and mantle gay,
Winding the thyme-clad braes between,
Rode laughing forth in fair array
The Court of Elf-hame with their Queen.

Blue as the Summer sea her eyes,
And cold and cruel as the sea;
No bird that sang in Paradise
Was e'er so sweet of voice as she.

(Ah me, that voice ! I hear it still,
The sweetest sound earth ever heard :
So sweet, it has the power to kill
Man's heart by one most bitter word.)

The dwarf-wrought crown she wore was set
With opal and with amethyst ;
Her fiery steed was black as jet,
Snow-white the hawk upon her wrist.

All curiously wrought with gold,
With clasps of emerald held and drawn,
Her fair green mantle, fold on fold,
Fell, shining like a dewy dawn.

By her right rein a fairy knight
A red-roan palfrey slowly led,
With silken saddle-cloth bedight
And bridle all be-diamonded.

Sweet was the smile she cast on me,
And vainly, vainly, still I strove
To burst the bands of glamourie
That lay about me and my love.

THE LOST BRIDE.

Then 'midst the clover at my feet
She drew her shining bridle rein,
And as she spoke her accents sweet
Flooded with fire my every vein.

She called my love, she took her hand,
She bade her rise and come with her
To ride the ways of Fairy-land:—
And I could neither speak nor stir.

She set her on the red-roan steed,
A fairy knight on either side ;
Out to the moors they rode with speed,
And down the wind their music died.

I saw them bear my love away,
Who never turned her face to me
Till on the moorland, dim and gray,
Naught save blue mist wreaths I could see.

Oh, hard I fought and sore I strove
Against the spells that bound me fast,
But hand or foot I could not move
Till far from me my love had passed.

Then, all too late, the glamour fell
From off me, sudden as it came,
And, freed from the accurséd spell,
I called upon my darling's name.

I sought her near, I sought her far,
Where'er the fairy-people go,
Till hope died, as the morning star
Dies when the dawn is red and low.

By misty moor and sounding shore
I wander through a lonely land,
But never shall I see her more
Come riding with the fairy band.

Now life for me has no delight,
Death wears no more his face of fear,
My heart is weary day and night
Since I have lost my dearest dear.

DUNCAN J. ROBERTSON.

Lady Car : The Sequel of a Life.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER VIII.

LADY CAR did many things after this period which she had previously disliked to do ; but there was one thing which she did not for a long time consent to, and that was to open the house in the North which was called the Towers, which Tom had been used to speak of as 'my place,' and which Beaufort thought it foolish of her not to inhabit. He did not know the ghosts that dwelt there. He did not consider that it was the house of her first husband, the house she was taken to as a most wretched bride after the marriage into which she had been forced, and that the dreadful time of that bridehood, and the years she had lived with Torrance, and the moment of awful ecstasy when she had heard of his death, all lingered there waiting for her. Mr. Beaufort only thought it was foolish, when she had a handsome house in Scotland at her command, that the family did not go there in the autumn, where it was natural that families should go. But he was not a man to bore her by any repetition of this wonder. He had been a little surprised, and even it must be allowed a little disconcerted, to find himself so much more at his own disposal than of old, and now that Carry was not always at his side his habits, too, changed imperceptibly. His beautiful library was still his chief haunt, but he read the papers there and all kinds of profane things. And he went a great deal to Codalton, where the county club was, and spent a part almost of every day there. It was not that he had any great liking for the gentlemen who found it such a resource. He kept the position among them of a man who was not as they were—a person superior in many ways, a writer (though he never wrote anything), a philosopher. No doubt he was entitled to that last character. He was very civil to them

all, but regarded them from an altitude, making notes of what he called their 'humours,' and making them the subject of many satirical descriptions when he went home. Sometimes he went up to London for the day, at first to consult books, but latterly without alleging any such reason, and went to many places where there were no books to consult. But it was very rarely that he did not return home in the evening. He had no desire for dissipations of any kind. He was far too much a philosopher, not to say a gentleman. Tom, perhaps, described it best in his schoolboy language when he said that Beau liked to loaf. So he did. He had no twist in his character. Had Lady Car followed him in all his excursions she would have found nothing to object to, and indeed he would have enjoyed them much more if she had. But he had, as a matter of fact, no mission such as she had credited him with: he had no gospel to preach, nothing at all to say. If there had ever been anything more than youthful excitement and ambition in his plans, it had all evaporated in his listless life. He might have pushed on—many young men do—and insisted upon marrying his love, and saved her from Tom Torrance and the dreadful episode of her first marriage. He might have realised at last some of his early promises and anticipations. He might at least have roused himself from his sloth, and written that book upon which her heart was so set. But, indeed, that last was doubtful, for he might only have proved that he could not write a book, which would have been harder on Lady Car than to think he would not. The end of all things was, however, that he was immensely relieved, and yet made vaguely miserable, by the change that had now come over his life. There was a change. The sweet and constant, if sometimes a little exacting, companionship of the early years was over, which gave him a vague ache as of desertion, especially at first. And Carry was changed. Her questions, her arguments, her constant persuasions and inducements to go on with that book (expressing always a boundless trust in his powers which it pained him to part with) were all over. On the other hand, he had regained his liberty, was now free to do as he pleased—an indescribable boon. What he pleased to do was always quite gentlemanlike, quite *comme il faut*. There was no reason why he should be restrained in doing it. He liked to read, and also to think, without it being supposed to be necessary that anything should come of his reading and thinking. He liked to go to his London club now and then and have the stimulus of a little conversation; he liked, when there was nothing else to do,

to go into Codalton, and talk a little to the country gentlemen and the smaller fry about who were sufficiently important to belong to the county club, and to come in occasionally to sit with his wife in her drawing-room, to read to her, to tempt her to talk, even to give Janet a little lecture upon literature, which she cared nothing about. He was on those occasions a delightful companion, so easy in his superior knowledge, so unpretending. In their rich and easy life, without cares, without any embarrassment about ways and means, or any need to think of to-morrow, he was indeed an admirable husband, a most charming stepfather, pleasant all round. What could any woman have wished for more?

There was one period in this easy and delightful life which brought the change home to Beaufort with curious force for a moment and no more. It was just after the publication of a book which went over his ground, the ground which it had always been supposed he was going to take. It forestalled him on many points, but in some went quite against him, contradicting his views. He brought in the volume with some excitement to his wife, and read to her those portions with which he disagreed. 'I must do something about this,' he said; 'you see the fellow takes half my argument, and works out from it quite a different conclusion. I have been too supine. I must really get to work at once, and not suffer myself to be forestalled and contradicted like this.'

'Yes, Edward,' said Carry gently. She smiled very sweetly upon him, with a curious tender smile, but she did not say any more.

'You speak as if you did not think it worth my while,' he said, a little annoyed by her composure.

'Oh, no. I think it quite worth your while,' she said. He went off a little disturbed, vexed, half angry, half sad, but certainly stimulated by her. Was it indifference? What was it? Had she responded as of old they would have talked the matter over between them and taken away all its interest; but as she did not respond Beaufort felt the fire burn. He went off to his room, and got out all his preparatory notes and the beginning of the long interrupted manuscript, and worked with vigour all night, throwing his opposite views hastily upon paper. Next day he announced to his wife that he meant 'to review that fellow's book'—as the quickest and surest way of expressing his dissent. 'Yes,' she said once more, but with a little rising colour, 'when, Edward?'

'Oh, I'll send it to "Bowles,"' he said, meaning 'The Nineteenth Century' of that day. Of course, 'The Nineteenth Century' itself had not yet begun its dignified career. And he did an hour's work that morning, but with softened zeal; and in the afternoon he repeated to himself that it was scarcely worth his while. The people who had read that fellow's book would not care to read a review; they would be people on the other side, quite unlikely to pay any attention to the opposite argument. And as for the general public, the general public did not care a straw for all the social philosophy or political economy in the world. So after another hour's deliberation he put all the papers back again—What was the use?—and went into the county club and brought back a very amusing story of the complicated metaphors and confused reasoning of some of the gentlemen there. It did not strike him that Carry never asked whether he had finished the review, or how he was going to treat the subject. But he remarked her smile with a curious sensation which he could not explain. It seemed to him something new—very sweet (her smile had always been sweet), very patient, indulgent, with a look of forgiving in it, though he did not know very well what there was to forgive. He forgot in a short time all about the answer he had intended to write to that book, and even the review into which his intended answer had so soon slid—in intention: but he was haunted for a very long time by Carry's smile. What did it mean?

Tom and Janet were just as little aware why it was that their mother was so much more with them than of old, but this had come on gradually, and it did not strike them except by moments. 'Why, you're always with mother now,' Tom said when he came home for his holidays. He was now at Eton, and, though he had been in several scrapes, had managed to keep his place and was in high hopes of getting into the boats, which was the only distinction he had any chance of.

'Yes,' said Janet sedately, 'for I'm growing up now, and mother says I want her most——'

'Isn't it awful sap?' said Tom, which was Eton (at that time) for boredom and hard work. He had the grace to speak low, and Janet gave him a glance upward with raised eyelids, and they both laughed, but softly that no one might ask why.

'She thinks of such a lot of things that no one can be expected to know,' said Tom: 'not that I mind, for she lets me alone now. But I suppose you've got to read books all day.'

'Oh, no. Oh, Tom, we oughtn't to talk like this and laugh, for she's—mother's very kind. She is indeed. She sees in a moment if I'm tired.'

'She'd need to,' said Tom, 'but I don't suppose girls mind. You come out now and have a game. Will she let you? If she won't, just steal away——'

'Oh, Tom,' cried Janet again, 'how can you speak of mother so? She never stops any fun, never—when there is any,' the girl added after a pause.

Lady Car was at the other end of the room, seated in the recess of a broad window which looked over the wide landscape. She had been waiting for Janet, who had asked her assistance in some work she was doing—trumpetry work such as disturbed all Carry's prejudices. Janet was painting flowers upon some little three-legged stools for a bazaar, and though she only copied the 'patterns,' she required in the execution some hints from her mother, who had once made considerable progress in the study of art. Janet was entirely unaware that Lady Car's dreamy landscapes, which were full of distance and suggestion if nothing else, were in any way superior to her 'patterns,' and had made her call for aid with the frankest confidence that what she was doing was excellent art. And Carry had prepared the palette from which the dahlias and red geraniums were to be painted with as much care as if it had been wanted by Raphael. When she saw the two, after their whispered conversation at the door, suddenly disappear perhaps she was not altogether sorry. It is possible that the painting of the stools was 'sap' to the mother also. She smiled at them with a little wave of her hand and shake of her head as they passed the window, in mild allusion to the abandoned work: but perhaps she was as much relieved as Janet was. She laid back her head upon the dim-coloured satin of her chair, and watched the two young creatures with their racquets, Janet carrying in her apron a supply of balls for their game. Seventeen and a half, fifteen and a half—in the bloom which was half infantile, half grown up, all fresh about them, nothing as yet to bring in black care. They were not handsome, but Tom had a sturdy manliness and strength, and Janet, her mother thought, looked everything that was simple and trustworthy—a good girl, not clever—but very good-natured and kind; and Tom not at all a bad boy—rough a little, but that was mere high spirits and boyish exuberance. They were neither of them clever. She said to herself, with a faint smile, how silly she had been!

How she had worshipped talent—no, not talent, genius—and had hoped that they would surely have had some gleam of it—the two whom she had brought into the world. They had been surrounded with beautiful things all their lives. When other people read foolish nursery stories to their children she had nourished them upon the very best—fables and legends which were literature as well as story—yet Janet liked the patterns for her stools better than all the poems and pictures, and Tom never opened a book if he could help it. And what matter? she said to herself, with that faint smile of self-ridicule. The children were none the worse for that. Her fantastic expectations, her fantastic disappointment, what did they matter? She was altogether a most fantastic woman—everybody had said it all her life, and she recognised fully the truth of the accusation now. Who should be so happy as she? Her husband so kind, always with her, thinking of everything that would make her happy. Her children so good (really so good!), nice, well-conditioned—Tom so manly, Janet all that a girl should be, very, very different indeed from Carry as a girl. But what a good thing that was! Janet would have no silly ideal, would desire no god to come from the skies, would not torment herself and every one about her with fantastic aspirations. She would love some good honest young fellow when her time came, and would live the common life, the common happy life, as the family at Easton were doing now. Edward, gone over to Codalton to the county club—the natural resource of a man in the country; the brother and sister playing tennis on the lawn—the boy expecting to get into the boats, the girl delighted with a new pattern for her stools. And no cloud anywhere, no trouble about settling them in life, no embarrassment about money or anything else. How happy a family! Everything right and pleasant and comfortable. As Carry lay back in her chair, thinking all these happinesses over, her eyes ran over with sudden tears—for satisfaction surely and joy.

When the tea-tray came in the young ones appeared with it, very hungry, and ready for the good things which covered the little table. Lady Car watched them consume the cakes with the same smile which had puzzled Beaufort. 'Would you really like so very much,' she said with a little hesitation, a lingering in her voice, 'to go to the—Towers for the next holidays, Tom?'

'Should I like!' cried the boy, jumping up with his mouth full of bread and butter. 'Why, mother, better than anything in the world!'

'Oh mother!' Janet cried, with a glow upon her face. She had passed the bread-and-butter stage, and was cutting herself a hunk of cake. The knife fell out of her hand from excitement and pleasure.

'Shall you both like it so very much? Then,' said Lady Car, sitting straight up with a look of pale resolution in her face which did not seem called for by such a simple determination, 'then, children, you shall go——'

'Hurrah!' cried Tom, 'that's the jolliest thing I've heard for long; that's exactly what I want! I want to know it,' he cried; 'I do want to know it before I go there and settle down.'

Lady Car turned her eyes upon him with a wonderful inquiring look. Nothing, indeed, could be more natural. Yet to hear that someone would go there, not for holidays, but to settle down, oppressed poor Carry's soul. She faded into whiteness, as if she were fainting. It seemed to her that his father looked over Tom's shoulder—the father whom the boy was so like—his living image, as people said. Not so tall and strong, but with the features and the eyes and the aspect which poor Carry had so feared.

'Beau!' cried both the young people in one voice. 'Oh, I believe it's his doing, Tom!' 'He must have a hand in it, Jen!' 'Beau, next holidays we are going to the Towers. Mother says so. We are going next holidays to the Towers.'

'Your mother is full of sense,' said Beaufort, who had just come in. 'I knew that she would see it to be the right thing to do.'

Poor Carry! She felt as if she could not bear it, this sacrifice of all her own feelings and wishes. She said to herself that she could not do it; that before the time came she must die! And perhaps there was a forlorn hope that this was what would happen in her heart as she sat and saw her husband and her children rejoicing over the tea-table—most naturally, most justly, she knew; at least it was but natural and just so far as the children were concerned.

She had to give great orders and make many arrangements about the opening up of the house. It was so long since it had been shut up. Tom had been only six, and now he was seventeen and a half. She wrote to her sister Edith and to Edith's husband, John Erskine, as well as to the factor on the estate and the servants who were in charge. And there were a number of things sent from town 'to make it habitable.' To make it habit-

able! She could not help the feeling that this was what *he* would have liked least of all, when she remembered the wonderful costly catafalques of furniture of which he had been so proud, and the decorations that would make poor Edward miserable. Edward did not mind the fact that it was *his* money which made Easton so comfortable; but to put up with *his* wardrobes and sideboards—that was a different matter. Even in her humiliation and in the much greater troubles she had to occupy her, she could not help a shudder to think of Edward in the midst of all those showy relics of the past. Eleven years had not dimmed her own recollection of her old surroundings. She remembered with an acute recollection, which was pain, where everything stood, and sent detailed directions as to how all was to be altered. ‘Dear Edith, do see that everything is changed. Don’t let anything look as it used to do. It would kill me if the rooms were left as they were,’ she wrote to her sister. ‘Do—do see that everything is changed.’

Perhaps it was by dint of having thus exhausted all feeling and forestalled all emotion that when she did find herself at the Towers at last, it was almost without sentiment of any kind. Edith had carried out her *consigne* very well, and she was standing under the mock mediæval doorway to receive her sister when Lady Car drove up. The sisters had not met for a long time—not for several years, and the meeting in itself did much to break the spell. Carry awoke with wonder and a little relief to find herself next morning in her old home, and to feel that she did not mind. Torrance did not meet her at his own hearth; he did not look at her from the mirror; he did not follow her about the corridor. She was very much relieved after all her imaginary anguish to feel that the reality was less dreadful than she had feared.

And it was something to see the children so truly happy. The quiet little Janet, who said so little, was quite roused out of herself. She became almost noisy, rushing with Tom from the top of the tower to the very cellars, going over everything. Her voice mingled shrill in the hurrah! with which Tom contemplated the flag of which he had dreamed, the sign of his own domination in this house of his fathers, which was to the boy as if it had been the shrine of the noblest of races. ‘I see now,’ he said, ‘that rag at Easton was all sham, but this is the real thing.’ ‘This is the real thing,’ said Janet decisively, ‘the other was only nonsense.’ They had not been twenty-four hours in the place

before they had seen, and as they said recognised, everything. All their upbringing in scenes so different, all the associations of their lives, seemed to go for nothing. They were intoxicated with pleasure and pride. A couple of young princes restored to their kingdom could not have accepted their grandeur with a more undoubting sense that they had at last recovered their rights.

The house soon filled with visitors and company, guests who came for sport, and guests who came for curiosity, and the great county people who were friends of the Lindores, and the smaller people who were friends of Torrance. And with both sets of these visitors Carry could not help seeing—or perhaps she only imagined it—that though her husband and herself were treated with great courtesy, it was Tom who was looked to with the chief interest. He was the future possessor of all. Though she had entire sway in the house as she never had before, yet she was nothing but a shadow as she had always been. And the children in their haste to enjoy would have liked if possible to ignore her too. As for Tom, he got altogether beyond her control. When he was not shooting, taking upon himself premature airs of the master, he was riding about the country as his father had done, going to all kinds of places, making acquaintances everywhere. He came home on several occasions, after a day of roaming, with wild eyes, half-falling, half-leaping off his horse, making his entrance audible by all the tumult of rough excitement, calling loudly to the servants, discharging oaths at them for imaginary delay. The first time this happened, Lady Car only suspected it with alarm, which everybody about stilled as best they could, getting the young culprit out of the way. ‘The matter? there is nothing the matter?’ Beaufort said, coming to her, a little pale, but with a laugh. ‘Tom has lost his temper. He is vexed with himself for being late for dinner. I’ll have a talk with him by-and-bye.’ ‘Is that all, Edward?’ she said. ‘What should it be more?’ her husband replied. But on another occasion, as evil luck would have it, Tom made his entrance just as the party, a large one, in which his place was vacant, was sweeping across the hall to dinner, and his mother, who came last, had the full advantage of that spectacle. Her son, standing all bespattered, unsteady, his dull eyes fierce with angry light. ‘Hallo, mother! I’m a bit late. Never mind. I’ll come as I am,’ he cried, steadying himself, beating his muddy boot with his whip. Lady Car threw an anguished look at the new butler, who stood splendid

and indifferent at the door. There was not even an old servant full of resource to coax the foolish wretched boy away.

She had to go in and sit down smiling at the head of her table, and entertain her guests, not knowing any minute whether the boy might not burst in and make his shame visible to all. In the midst of the sounds of the dinner-table, the talk, and the ring of the knives and forks, and the movements of the servants, other sounds seemed to reach her ear of loud voices and noise outside. She had to bear it all and make no sign, but talk that her neighbours on each side might not notice, with what was almost noisiness for Carry. Perhaps, though it seems more horrible at such a crisis to be in the midst of the compulsory make-belief of society, it is better for the sufferer. She kept up, and never winced till the dinner was over, and the endless hour in the drawing-room after, and all the guests gone, those who were from the neighbourhood to their homes, those who were in the house to their rooms. Then, and only then, did she dare to breathe, to give way to the devouring anxiety in her mind. She had bidden her husband 'Go, go!' to the smoking-room, or anywhere with the last guests, and she was alone. The whole house had been changed; the old furniture displaced, all its associations altered: and yet in that moment everything came back again, the catafalques of old, the vulgar splendour, the old dreary surroundings. Her boy! Her boy! She thought she saw his father come out before her, as she had feared to see him all these years, saying with his old brutal laugh, '*Your* boy! none of yours. Mine! mine!'

CHAPTER IX.

BEAUFORT behaved very well at this crisis of domestic history. He shook off his usual languor and became at once energetic and active. What he said to Tom remains undisclosed, but he 'spoke to' the boy with great force, and even eloquence, representing to him the ruin entailed by certain bad habits, which—more than other vices, probably worse in themselves—destroy a man's reputation and degrade him among his fellows. Though he was himself a man over-refined in his ways, he was clever enough to seize the only motives which were likely to influence the ruder nature of his stepson. And then he went to poor Carry,

who in this home of evil memories sat like a ghost surrounded by the recollections of the past, and seeing for ever before her eyes the disordered looks and excited eyes of her boy. He was not, alas! the son of her dreams, the child whom every mother hopes for, who is to restore the ideal of what a man should be. Many disappointments had already taught Lady Car that her son had little of the ideal in him, and nothing, or next to nothing, of herself; but still he was her son: and to think of him as the rude and violent debauchee of the country-side seemed more than she could bear. Beaufort came in upon her miserable seclusion like a fresh breeze of comfort and hope. This was so far from his usual aspect that the effect was doubled. Tender he always was, but to-day he was cheerful, hopeful, full of confidence and conscious power. 'There must be no more of this,' he cried. 'Come, Carry, have a little courage. Because the boy has been a fool once—or even twice—that is not to say that there is anything tragical in it, or that he is abandoned to bad habits. It is probably scarcely his fault at all—a combination of circumstances. Nobody's fault, indeed. Some silly man, forgetting he was a boy, persuading him out of supposed hospitality to swallow something his young head could not stand. How was the boy in his innocence to know that he could not stand it? It is a mere accident. My love, you good women are often terribly unjust and sweeping in your judgments. You must not from one little foolish misdemeanour judge Tom.'

'Oh, Edward!' she cried, 'judge him! my own boy! All that I feel is that I would rather have died than seen that look, that dreadful look, in my child's face.'

'Nonsense, Carry. That is what I call judging him. You should never have seen it, but as for rather dying—— Would Tom be the better for it if he lost his mother, the best influence a boy can have——?'

She shook her head: but how to tell her husband of the spectre who had risen before her in the house that was his, claiming the son who was his, his heir and not Carry's, she did not know. Influence! she had been helpless by the side of the father, and in the depths of that dreadful experience Carry foresaw that the son, so like him, so moulded upon that man whom she had feared to the bottom of her heart, and alas! unwillingly hated, had now escaped her too. There are moments which are prophetic, and in which the feeblest vision sees clear. He had escaped her influence, if, indeed, he had ever acknowledged any influence

of hers. As a child he had been obliged to obey her, and even as a youth the influence of the household—that decent, tranquil, graceful household at Easton—which henceforward Tom would compare so contemptuously with his own ‘place,’ and the wealth which was soon to be his—had kept him in a fashion of submission. But Tom had always looked at his mother with eyes in which defiance lurked: there had never been in them anything of that glamour with which some children regard their mother, finding in her their first ideal. It had always been a weariness to Tom to be confined to the restraint of her society. When they were children even, he and his sister had schemed together to escape from it. She was dimly aware that even Janet— These things are hard for a mother to realise, but there are moments when they come upon her with all the certainty of fate. Her influence! She could have laughed or wept. As it was with the father, so would it be with the son. For that moment at least poor Carry’s perceptions were clear.

But what could she say? She said nothing; not even to Beaufort could she disclose that miserable insight which had come to her. Your own children, how can you blame them to another, even if that other is your husband? how say that, though so near in blood and every tie, they are alien in soul? how disclose that sad intuition? Carry never said a word. She shook her head; not even perhaps to their own father could she have revealed that discovery. A mother’s part is to excuse, to pardon, to bear with everything, even to pretend that she is deceived and blinded by the partiality of love, never to disclose the profound and unutterable discouragement with which she has recognised the truth. She shook her head at Beaufort’s arguments, leaving him to believe that it was only a woman’s natural severity of judgment against the sins with which she had no sympathy. And by-and-bye she allowed herself to be comforted. He thought that he had brought her back to good sense and the moderation of a less exacting standard, and had convinced her that a boyish escapade, however blamable, was not of the importance she imagined. He thought he had persuaded her not to be hard upon Tom, not to reproach him, to pass it over as a thing which might be trusted to his good sense not to occur again. Carry did not enter into any explanations. She had by this time come to understand well enough that she must not expect anyone to divine what was in her heart.

Meanwhile Janet, who was vaguely informed on the matter,

and knew that Tom was in disgrace, though not very clearly why, threw herself into his defence with all the fervour that was in her nature. She went and sat by him while he lingered over a late breakfast with all the ruefulness of headache. 'Oh, Tom, what have you done?' she said. 'Oh, why didn't you come in time for dinner? Oh, where were you all the afternoon? We were looking for you everywhere, Jock and I.' Jock was an Erskine cousin, the eldest of the tribe.

'What does it matter to you where I was?' said the sullen boy.

'Tom! everything about you matters to me,' said Janet, 'and for one thing we couldn't make up our game.'

'Oh, that humbugging game. Do you think I'm a baby or a girl? I hate your tennis. It isn't a game for a man.'

'Quantities and quantities of gentlemen play. Beau plays. Why, the officers play,' cried Janet, feeling that nothing more was to be said.

Tom could not refuse to acknowledge such authority. 'Well, then, it isn't a game for me, playing with girls and children. A gallop across country, that's what I like, and to see all father's old friends, and to hear what they thought of him. By Jove, Janet, father was a man! not one to lounge about in a drawing-room like old Beau;' here the boy's heart misgave him a little. 'Beau's kind enough,' he said; 'he doesn't look at a fellow as if—as if you had murdered somebody. But if father had lived——'

'I wonder——' Janet said, but she did not go any further. Her light eyes, wondering under her black brows, were round with a question which something prevented her from putting. The possibility of her father having lived confused all her thoughts. She had an instinctive sense of the difficulties conveyed in that suggestion. She changed the subject by saying unadvisedly, 'How bad you look, Tom! Were you ill last night?'

He pushed her away with a vigorous arm. 'Shut up—you!' he cried.

'You are always telling me to shut up; but I know you were to have taken in Miss Ogilvie to dinner—that pretty Miss Ogilvie—and when you did not come, it put them all out. I heard Hampshire telling Nurse. He said something about "your boosing Mr. Tom," and Nurse fired up. But afterwards she cried—and mother has been crying this morning; and then you look so bad. Do tell me if you were ill, Tom.'

He did not reply for some time, and then he burst out:

'Mother's such a bore with her crying! Does she think I'm to be a baby all my life?'

'Do you know,' said Janet, 'you're very much like that portrait of father in the hall—that great big one with the horse? Mother looks frightened when she passes it. He does look a little fierce, as if he would have scolded dreadfully,' the girl added, with the air of making an admission.

'I would rather have been scolded by him,' cried the boy—'No, he wouldn't have scolded, he would have known better. A man like that understands fellows. Jen, we're rather badly off, you and me, with only a woman to look after us, and *that* Beau.'

'Do you call mother a woman? You might be more civil,' said Janet: but she did not contradict this assertion, which was not made for the first time. She, too, had always thought that the ideal father, the vague impersonation of kindness and understanding, who would never mock like Beau, nor look too grave like mother, was something to sigh for, in whose guard all would have gone well. But the portrait in the hall had daunted Janet. She had felt that those black brows could frown and those staring eyes burn beyond anything that her softly nurtured childhood had known. She would not betray herself by a word or even a thought if she could help it, but it could not be denied that her heart sank. 'I wish,' she said, quickly, 'you'd leave off break-fasting, Tom, and come out with me for a walk. What is the good of pretending? One can see you don't want anything to eat.'

'Walk!' said Tom. 'You can get that little sap to walk with you. I've got to meet a fellow—Blackmore's his name—away on the other side of the moor at twelve. Just ring the bell, Jen. In five minutes I must have Bess at the door.'

'It's twelve o'clock now. Don't go to-day. Besides, mother——'

'What has mother to do with it?' cried Tom, starting up. 'I'm going, if it was only to spite mother, and you can tell her so. Do you think I'm tied to mother's apron-string? Oh, is it you, Beau? I—am going out for a ride.'

'So am I,' said Beaufort entering. 'I thought it likely that would be your intention, so I ordered your horse when I ordered mine. Where did you say you were going? I caught somebody's name as I came in.'

'He said he was—a friend of my father's,' said Tom, sullenly.

'Ah! it is easy for a man to say he is the friend of another

who cannot contradict him. Anyhow, we can ride together so far. What's the matter? Aren't you ready?' Beaufort said.

'He has not finished his breakfast,' said Janet, springing to Tom's defence.

'Oh, nonsense! at twelve o'clock!' said Beaufort, with a laugh. And presently, notwithstanding the youth's reluctance, he was carried off in triumph. Janet, much marvelling, followed them to the door to see them mount. She stood upon the steps, following their movements with her eyes, dimly comprehending, divining, with her feminine instincts half awakened. Tom's sullen, reluctant look was more than ever like the portrait, which Janet paused once more to look at as she went back through the hall. She stood looking for a long time at the heavy, lowering face. It was a fine portrait, which Torrance had boasted of in his time, the money it had cost filling him with ill-concealed pride. It was the first thing which had shaken Janet in her devotion to the imaginary father who had been the god of her childhood. Tom was not so big; he was not tall at all, not more than middle height, though broadly and heavily made. It was very like Tom, and yet there was something in it which made the girl afraid. As she stood gazing with more and more uncertainty upon the pictured face, Lady Car came quickly into the hall—almost running—in evident anxiety and concern. She stopped suddenly as Janet turned round, casting a half-frightened, shuddering look from the picture to the girl before it. There was something like an apology in her nervous pause.

'I—thought Tom was here,' she said.

'He has gone out riding—with Beau.'

'With Beau?' Lady Car breathed something that sounded like 'Thank God!'

'Is there anything wrong—with Tom?' said Janet, gazing round upon her mother with defiance in her eyes.

'Wrong? I hope not. They say not. Oh, God forbid!' Lady Car put her hands together. She was very pale, with a little redness under her eyes.

'Then, mother, if there's nothing wrong, why do you look like that?'

'Like that?' Lady Car attempted a little laugh. 'Like what, my dear?' She added, with a long-drawn breath, 'It is my foolish anxiety; everybody says it is foolish. It is *plus forte que moi*.'

'I wish you would not speak French. Tom,' said Janet, 'is

well enough, though he doesn't look well. He ate no breakfast; and he looked as if he would like to take my head off. Isn't Tom—very like father?' she added in a low voice.

They were standing at the foot of the picture, a full-length, which overbore them as much in reality as imagination, and made the woman and the girl look like pigmies at his feet. Carry gave a slight shiver in spite of herself.

'Yes,' she said faintly; 'and, my dear—so are you too.'

Janet met her mother's look with a stolid steadiness. She saw, half sorry, half pleased, Lady Car's eyes turn from the picture to her own face and back again. She had very little understanding of her mother, but a great deal of curiosity. She thought to herself that most mothers were pleased with such a resemblance—so at least Janet had read in books. She supposed her own mother did not care for it—perhaps disliked it because she had married again.

'You never told us anything about father,' she said, 'but Nurse does a great deal. She told me how he—was killed. Was that the horse?'

'Yes,' said Lady Car, with a trembling which she could not conceal.

'Is it because you are sorry that you are so nervous?' said Janet, with those dull, light eyes fixed upon her, which were Torrance's eyes.

'Janet!' cried her mother, 'do not ask me about it.' She said, in a low, hurried voice, 'Is it not enough that it was the most terrible thing that ever happened? I cannot go back upon it.'

'But afterwards,' said the girl, impelled by she knew not what—some influence of vague exasperation, which was half opposition to her mother, and half disappointment to find the dead father, the tutelary divinity of this house to which she had been eager to come, so different from her expectations—'afterwards—you married Beau.'

'Janet!' Lady Car cried again, but this time the shock brought back her dignity and self-control. 'I don't know what has got possession of you, my dear, to-day. You forget yourself—and me. You are not the judge of my actions, nor will I justify myself before you.' She added, after a time, 'Both Tom and you are very like your father. After a while he will be master here, and you perhaps mistress till he marries. Your father—might have been living now' (poor Carry grew pale and shuddered even while she pointed her moral) —'if he had not been such a hard

rider, so—so careless, thinking he could go anywhere. Do you wonder that I am anxious about Tom? You will have to learn to do what you can to restrain him, to keep him from those wild rides, to keep him——’ Lady Car’s voice faltered, the tears came to her eyes. ‘I believe it is common,’ she said, ‘that a young man, such as he is growing to be, should not mind his mother much. Sometimes, people tell me, they mind their sisters more.’

‘Tom does not mind me a bit,’ said Janet, ‘oh, not a bit—and he will never marry. He does not like girls.’

‘Perhaps he will change his mind,’ said Carry, with a faint smile. ‘Boys often do. Will you remember what I have said, dear, if you should ever be mistress here?’

‘But how can I be mistress? Where will you be? Why should there be any change?’

‘The house is Tom’s, not mine. And I shall be at my own house at Easton—if I am living.’

‘Oh,’ said Janet. Carry, though a little roused in her own defence, almost quailed before the look in the girl’s eyes. ‘You will be happier then,’ she said, with the air of an assailant hurling a stone at his victim; ‘for you will be all by yourself—with Beau.’

‘Go upstairs, Janet: I can have no more of this!’

‘I will not,’ she cried; ‘you said it was Tom’s house, not yours. He would not let me be sent away out of his hall, from father’s picture, for—anyone—if he were here.’

Carry raised her eyes and saw him standing behind his child. There seemed a dull smile of triumph in his painted eyes. ‘You thought they were yours—but they are mine,’ Torrance seemed to say. Both of them! their father’s in every nerve and fibre—nothing to do with her.’

CHAPTER X.

APART from these painful struggles with her children which were quite new to Lady Car, there were many things that pained her in her residence at the Towers.

First of all there was her nearest neighbour, her dearest friend, her only sister Edith; the dearest companion of her life, who had stood by her in all her troubles, and to whom she had given a trembling support in her struggle, more successful than

poor Carry's, against the husband her father had chosen for her. Edith had succeeded at last in marrying her only love, which was a poor marriage for an Earl's daughter. They had, indeed, finally, both of them, made poor marriages; but what a contrast between them! Carry living ignobly with the husband of her choice upon Torrance's money, the result of her humiliation; while Edith was at the head of a happy frugal family carefully ordered, with little margin for show or pleasure, but yet in all the plenitude of cheerful life, without a recollection to rankle, or any discord or complication in all her candid existence. Her father had not been able to force the will of Edith. She had not loved her John any better than poor Carry had loved in her early tender youth the lover of all her dreams, the Edward Beaufort who was now her husband; but Carry had not been able to resist the other husband, the horrible life. Even in that Edith had so much, so much the advantage over her sister! And then—oh, wonder to think of it—— John—John, from whom nothing had been expected, except that he should show himself, as he had always done, the good fellow, the honest gentleman, the true friend he was, whether by development of his own respectable mind or by the influence of Edith (though she was never clever like Carry), or by the united force of both, John had long been one of the most important men in the district, member for his county, trusted and looked up to both by his constituency at home and the people at head-quarters, who took his advice, it was said, on Scotch affairs more than anyone's; whereas Edward——. Carry had long made that poignant comparison in her heart, but to see them together now bowed her to the ground with a secret humiliation which she could never acknowledge—not to her sister, who also in the old days had put so much faith in Beaufort's genius; not to Edward himself—oh no, to humiliate him. He did not seem to feel the contrast at all himself, or, if he did perceive it, he thought it apparently to be to his own advantage, speaking now and then of the narrowness of practical men, of the deadening influence of politics, and of how completely John Erskine's interest was limited to matters of local expediency and questions before Parliament. 'And he used to have his share of intelligence,' said, all unconscious, the useless man whose failure his wife felt so passionately. Then, as if this were not enough, there was Jock, little Jock, who was younger than Janet, only fourteen, but already at Eton like Tom, and holding a place above that of the seventeen-year-old big lower boy. The reader must understand

that this history is not of to-day, and that in those times big lower boys were still possible, though it is so no longer. Tom was only a lower boy, and little Jock might have fagged his cousin, had it not been that Jock was in college, on the foundation, saving the money which was not too plentiful at Dalrulzian. 'A Tug!' Tom had cried with contempt intensified by the sense of something in his mother's eyes, the comparison which made her heart sick. Little Jock at fourteen, so far above the boy who was almost a man: John Erskine, in his solid good sense, so much more important a man than Edward with his genius *manqué*. It went to Carry's heart.

It is difficult to feel that sense of humiliation, that overwhelming consciousness of the superiority of another family, however closely connected, to our very own, without a little grudge against the happy, the worthy, the fortunate. Carry loved her sister tenderly, and Edith's happiness was dear to her; but the sight of that happiness before her eyes was more than the less fortunate sister could bear. She could not look upon Edith's bright boy, with his candid countenance, without thinking with a deeper pang of Tom's lowering brows, and that horrible look of intoxication which she had seen in his face; nor could she see her brother-in-law busy and cheerful with his public work, his table piled with letters, blue-books, all the paraphernalia of business, without thinking of Beaufort's dilettante ease, his dislike of being appealed to, his 'Oh, I know nothing of business!' Why did he know nothing of business; why was he idle, always idle, good for nothing, while others—oh, with not half his powers!—were working for the country? It was still Carry's desperate belief that no one had half his powers—yet sometimes she said to herself that, had he been stupid as some were, she could have borne it, but that it was the waste of these higher qualities which she could not bear. Even this little refuge of fancy was taken from her on the occasion of a meeting about some county movement, to which her husband was called as the guardian of young Tom, and where he had to make a speech much against his will. His speech was foolish, tedious, and ignorant—how indeed should he know about the affairs of a Scotch county?—while John Erskine held the matter and the attention of the hearers in his hand. 'I thought Lady Car's new husband had been a very clever man,' she heard, or fancied she heard, someone say as the people dispersed. Perhaps she only fancied she heard it, caught it in a look. And how they applauded John Erskine, who did so well!—oh, she knew

he did well, the master of his subject and of the people's sympathies; whereas what information could poor Edward have, what common interest with all these people? Poor Edward! Carry's heart contracted with an ineffable pang to think she could have called him so.

She loved Edith all the same—oh, yes! how could she fail to love her only sister, the person most near to her in all the world? But yet she shrank from seeing Edith, and felt at the sound of her happy voice as if she, Carry, must fly and hide herself in some dark and unknown place, and could not bear the contact of the other, who had the best of everything, and in whose path all was bright. To sympathise with one's neighbour's blessedness, when all that makes her happy is reversed in one's own lot, is hard, the hardest of all the exercises of charity. Carry said to herself that she was glad and thankful that all was so well with Edith; but to hide her own face, to turn to the wall, not to be the witness of it, was the best thing to do. To look on at all, with the aching consciousness of failure on her own part, and smile over her own trouble at Edith's happiness, was more than she was able to do: yet this was what she did day after day. And she read in Edith's eyes that happy woman's opinion of Tom, her verdict upon Beaufort, and her disappointment in Janet. Though Edith said nothing, Carry knew all that she could have said, and even heard over intervening miles, and through stone walls, how her sister breathed with a sigh her melancholy name. Poor Carry! Her heart fainted within her to realise everything, yet she did it, and covered her face and covered her ears not to hear and see that pity, which she could neither have heard nor seen by any exercise of ordinary faculties. But the mind by other means both sees and hears.

'Edward,' she said to her husband suddenly one day, 'we must leave this place. I cannot bear it any more!'

He turned round upon her with a look of astonishment. 'Leave this place! But why, my love?' he said. His surprise was quite genuine. He had not then, during the whole of her martyrdom, acquired the faintest insight into her mind.

'There is no reason,' she said hastily, 'only that I cannot—I cannot bear it any more.'

'But is not that a little unreasonable, Carry? Why should you go away? It is only the middle of September. Tom does not go back to school for ten days at least—and after that——'

'Edward, I hate the place. You knew that I hated the place.'

'Yes, my love; and felt that it was not quite like my Carry to hate any place, especially the place which must be her son's home.'

'I never wanted to come,' she said, 'and now that we have proved—how inexpedient it was——'

'Don't say so, dear. I have told you my opinion already. The best women are unjust to boys in these respects. I don't blame you. Your point of view is so different. On the contrary, we should have brought Tom here long ago. He ought to have learned as a child that there were men calling themselves his father's friends who were not fit company for him. I think he has learned that lesson now, and to force him away from a place he is fond of, as if to show him that you could not trust him——'

'It is not for Tom,' she said; 'Edward, cannot you understand? it is for myself.'

'You are not the sort of woman to think of yourself when Tom's interests are at stake. We ought to stay even after he is gone, to make all the friends we can for him. For my own part, I like the place very well,' Beaufort said. 'And then there is your sister so near at hand. You must try to forget the little accident that has disgusted you, Carry. Think of the pleasure of having Edith so near at hand—and that excellent fellow John—though he's too much of an M.P.'

It was with purpose that Beaufort laughed, with that gentle and friendly ridicule of his brother-in-law, to carry her thoughts away from the accident—from Tom's escapade, which he thought was the foundation of Carry's trouble. And what could she say more? She did not, could not, tell him that Tom's look had reminded her of another, and that Torrance himself, standing in full length in the hall, claiming its sovereignty, master of all that was within, kept the miseries of her past life and her unsatisfied heart too terribly before her. Of that she could say nothing to her husband, nor of Janet's rebellion, nor above all of what was intolerable in Edith's gentle society, the sense of her superior happiness, her pity for Poor Carry! He might have divined what it was which made the house intolerable to her; but if he did not how could she say it? Thus Lady Car gradually achieved the power of living on, of smiling upon all who surrounded her with something in her eyes which nobody comprehended, but which some few people were vaguely aware of, though they comprehended it not.

'Poor Carry!' Lady Edith said, in the very tone which Lady

Car heard in her heart: but it was said in John Erskine's library at Dalrulzian, with the windows closed, five miles away.

'Why poor Carry?' asked her husband; 'if you were to ask her, she would say she was a happy woman, happy beyond anything she could have hoped. When I think of her with that brute Torrance—where she is now, but in such different circumstances.'

'Oh, John, the circumstances are different; Edward is very nice: but——'

'But what?'

'Carry is not like you and me,' said Edith, shaking her head.

'No: perhaps so much the better for us. She is fanciful and poetical and nervous, not easy to satisfy; but the comparison—must be like heaven after hell.'

Edith continued to shake her head, but said no more. What was there to say? She could not perhaps have put it into words had she tried, and how get John to understand it?—a man immersed in public business, fearing that soon he should need a private secretary, which was an expense quite unjustified by his means. She patted him on the shoulder as she stood behind his chair, and said, 'Poor John, have you all these letters to answer?'

'Every one,' he said with a laugh. 'You are in a compassionate humour to-day. Suppose you answer a few of them for me, instead of saying poor John.'

This was so easy! If she had not been so busy with the children she was the best of private secretaries! Alas! there was nothing to be done for poor Carry in the same simple way. Nor in any way, Edith reflected, as she sat down at her husband's table: a sympathetic sister must not even venture to show that she was compassionate. She must conceal the consciousness of his father's look in Tom Torrance's face, and of the fact that Beaufort's book had never been written, and that his name was altogether unknown to the world save as that of Lady Caroline Torrance's second husband. Oh, poor Carry! Edith said again. But this time only in the depths of her own heart, not to John.

The only other person who saw the change in Lady Car's look was Janet, who had defied her mother. The girl was in high rebellion still. She spent her life as much as she could with Tom, seconding powerfully, without being aware of it, the watchful supervision of Beaufort, who, if he had failed her in so many respects, was anxiously and zealously acting for Lady Car in her son's interests. Janet seized upon her brother on every occasion

when it was possible. She managed to ride with him, to walk with him, to occupy his attention as nobody else could have done. It is true that Tom had no delicacy on the subject of Janet, and sent her away with a push of his elbow when she bored him, without the least hesitation; but in her vehemence and passion she did not bore him for the short period of his holidays which remained. She had told him of her rebellion with a thrill of excitement which shook her from head to foot. The crisis was the greatest that had ever happened in her life. She could not forget it, not a word that had passed nor a look. Tom had contemplated her with an admiration mingled with alarm when he first heard the tale of her exploit. 'You cheeked mother!' He had scarcely done more himself, though he was a man and the master of all; and Janet was only a little girl, of no account at all. But her fervour, her passion seized hold upon him, and as it occupied herself in the overwhelming way with which a family conflict occupies the mind, Janet became as the sharer of an exciting secret to Tom. They watched their mother's looks and every word she said in the light of that encounter. Neither of them was capable of believing that it had passed from Lady Car's mind, while still they dwelt upon it, making it the theme of long conversations. 'I say, do you think she'll say anything to me?' Tom asked with some anxiety.

'I don't know; but if she does you'll stand by me, won't you, Tom?'

'Oh, I say!' Tom replied. 'Beau would make a fuss if I said anything to mother. He has a way of speaking that makes you feel small somehow.'

'Small? You! When you are the master! Why, mother said so, though she was so cross.'

'Oh yes, of course I'm the master,' said Tom. 'But you should hear Beau when he gets on about a gentleman, don't you know. What's a gentleman? A man that has a place of his own and lots of money, and no need to do anything unless he likes—if that's not a gentleman, I don't know what is.'

'And does Beau say—something different?' Janet asked with a little awe.

'Oh, all kinds of nonsense; that it's not what you have but what you do, and all that. Never take a good glass—well, that's what Blackmore, father's friend, calls it—a good glass—nor say a rude word—and all that sort of thing. By Jove! Jen, if it's all true they say, father was a jolly fellow, and no mistake.'

'Do you mean that he did—that?'

Tom gave vent to a large laugh. 'Did—what? Oh, I can't tell you all he did. He rode like anything; flew over every fence and every ditch that nobody else would take, and enjoyed himself. That's what he did—till he married, which spoils all a man's fun.'

'Oh, Tom!'

'Well, it does—you have to give up—ever so many things, and live like an old woman. I shan't marry, I can tell you, Jen, not for years.'

'Then I shall stop with you, Tom, and keep the house.'

'Don't you be too sure of that,' said Tom; 'I shall have too many fellows coming and going to do with a girl about the place.'

'But you must have some one to keep house. Mother said so! She is not going to have me at Easton—that I am sure of; and if I am not to keep house for you, Tom, what shall I do?' said Janet with symptoms of coming tears.

Then Tom did what the men of a family generally do when a foolish sister relies upon them. He promptly threw her over. 'You should not have cheeked mother,' he said.

(To be continued.)

At the Sign of the Ship.

‘Mr. Pickwick was a fool, an exceeding fool.’—A. K. H. B.

IT was ‘with or,’ as Jeames says, that I read these words in the April number of LONGMAN’S MAGAZINE. The writer who so boldly shakes the faith of a lifetime is not to be differed from lightly. Perhaps for many years one has been bowing down before an idol which was always false, and now is broken, broken like all the ‘popish idols’ in St. Andrews except one, which occupies a niche in an old house. A. K. H. B. is as great an iconoclast as John Knox, and yet one hopes that his example will not be followed by ‘the rascal multitude,’ as Knox elegantly called his supporters. Mr. Pickwick a fool! One has taken him for the modern Socrates, like Socrates begirt by admiring friends: with Mr. Snodgrass for his Plato, the poetic Snodgrass; with the ardent Winkle, a sportsman, for his Xenophon; with the beautiful and amorous Tracy Tupman for his Charmides, bright boy, or his Phaedo; wise, genial, kind, and, like Socrates, no enemy of the mixing bowl; thus one had seen, thus worshipped Mr. Pickwick. Or again, as Mr. Thackeray said, he is our modern Quixote wandering with his Sancho Weller, delivering damsels from the snares of that enchanter, Jingle.

* * *

The specific charge against Mr. Pickwick is that he got angry when reminded that he was old, and proposed to fight ‘the allegator.’ Well, why not? Nobody should be reminded that he is young or old, or an old young man. These are personal remarks, and Alice in Wonderland justly rebuked the people who make them. With shame and confusion I admit that I do not remember the exact text in which Mr. Pickwick offered to fight the allegator. The only place in which I

remember Mr. Pickwick's assuming an attitude of self-defence is connected with that attitude itself—Mr. Pickwick's fists revolved in a rotatory and unscientific manner. Can the reference be to the silk stockings at the Christmas dance?

'You in silk stockings,' exclaimed Mr. Tupman, jocosely.

'And why not, sir, why not?' said Mr. Pickwick, turning warmly upon him.

'Oh, of course, there is no reason why you shouldn't wear them,' responded Mr. Tupman.

'I imagine not, sir, I imagine not,' said Mr. Pickwick in a very peremptory tone, and presently 'Mr. Pickwick's countenance resumes its customary benign expression.'

There was an occasion when it might have been said that Mr. Pickwick had taken too much cold punch; but he did not fight then. That was the time when Sam Weller 'spiled the beadle' in three rounds. Mr. Pickwick did not fight when he said 'no living boy shall carry me,' after the mysterious cricket match. It was Mr. Gunter and Mr. Noddy who wanted to fight after Bob Sawyer's supper party. The human memory is apt to grow old, like Mr. Pickwick, and to forget some incidents even in the career of that hero. But it will never forget how good, how kind, how chivalrous, how tender Mr. Pickwick was; how he never saw misfortune but he lightened its burden; how he never met women but with old-fashioned courtesy, nor youth but with smiles that the heart of no child could resist.

* * *

It was a case of Capers, not Anchovies. A. K. H. B. has fired in the air; mutual apologies have been made and received. He meant Mr. Tupman, *not* Mr. Pickwick. Mr. Tupman went to Mrs. Leo Hunter's 'in a green velvet jacket with a two-inch tail.' There was a difference of opinion, and Mr. Pickwick 'threw himself into a paralytic attitude, confidently supposed by the two bystanders to have been intended as a posture of defence.' Mr. Pickwick soon said he had been 'hasty, very hasty. Tupman, your hand!' 'Thus Mr. Pickwick was led by the very warmth of his own good feelings to give his consent to a proceeding from which his better judgment would have recoiled.' The character of Mr. Pickwick has thus been vindicated, and Peace dwells in the hearts of the Faithful.

* * *

The following narrative reaches me from an author who has probably not yet made his mark on modern literature. His work is rich in the essentials of romance, though destitute of what is called 'female interest.' Observe the courtesy of the heroes. 'I say, Mr. Tomkins,' remarks one of the partners in desperate adventure. Then their promptitude, 'we will set out *to-morrow*,' no shilly-shallying here. Note, too, the philosophy of the statement, 'He was a bachelor, *and so* he mused to himself.' Mrs. Tomkins would not have stood it for a moment. The sudden introduction of one man more than the original three may remind us of *The Three Musketeers*, who were, in fact, four. The brilliant light cast on pre-historic Australia and its subterranean people who dwell in marble halls is very vivid and unexpected. And why not? We do not know what race executed the wall-paintings on Australian caves—not the present 'aborigines,' apparently. Their wealth must be amazing, and from the presence of diamonds can hardly be of local origin. The whole is succinct, and I venture to allege that there 'is not one dull line' in the youth's performance. It is the kind of novel which most of us have written at an early period, and which few of us have succeeded in publishing. Boys are requested not to send any more, as one is quite enough to show the style. They are also advised to read Mr. Conan Doyle's *Micah Clarke*, which is the best boy's book since *Kidnapped* in the opinion of a rather elderly student.

* . *

A STORY ABOUT GOLD-FIELDS.

It happened thus: in a small antechamber of a large house sat three men gambling. After a time when they tired of it one of them said to his friend, 'I say, Mr. Tomkins, have you seen about the enormous gold-fields they are finding in Australia?' 'No,' replied his friend. 'Well,' said the first speaker, 'I have been thinking over it for a long time; we will set out to-morrow. What do you say to it, Jim and Bill?' 'Right you are!' replied they; 'but now we will retire if you will excuse us. Good-night, Mr. Tomkins.' 'Good-night,' he replied. After they had gone to bed Mr. Tomkins thought over it a long while; he had neither wife nor children, he was a bachelor, and so he mused to himself. Morning dawned. At six o'clock a knock at the door was heard and the servant announced Bill, Smith, and Jim. 'Well, my

boys, how do you feel about the day's arrangements? Come and have some breakfast and we will talk over our journey.' 'Settled,' said all. We will now transport ourselves to the gold-mines in which they were going to work, but we will follow them.

A broiling hot day in July found them setting out for the fields, at which they arrived in time, and they bought (as they were poor) a well-worked pit. One day they were working away hard with their pickaxes, having almost given up hopes of finding anything of value, when suddenly they all vanished from the earth and found themselves in a large cave, with no escape at all except high above where they had fallen in. The walls of it were marble, and on the floor and by the walls were strong iron chests. One of these they broke open with their picks and a mass of gold nuggets met their eyes; the second and third and rest were filled with sapphires, rubies, emeralds, diamonds, and gold, &c., and in the centre there was a huge chest filled with the largest rubies and diamonds, &c., and the door was solid iron, bolted and locked. They were shut in and bound to starve unless help should arrive. The night went; early in the morning they heard footsteps and voices outside the door. The key was turned, the bolts drawn back, and the door opened, and in came a body of men. As soon as they saw Bill, Jim, and Tomkins they seized them, led them off and bound them. As soon as they found that they had slipped in by accident in looking for gold they were let off, and sent off home on condition that they would tell none about the cave and their jewels; they promised this, and were given enough gold and jewels to let them live happily ever afterwards.

W. R. R.

* * *

Every Scot makes plenty of Scotticisms, but few probably have read the list of those flowers of speech—heather-blossoms one may say—in the *Annual Register* of Sir Walter's time. We all go wrong in our prepositions, thus:—

English	Scotch
with	at
for	at
of	at
in or about	at

Please observe the Northern thrift. The wastefu' Englishman

has four prepositions where *we* make one serve our turn. 'Like to cry' = 'disposed to cry.' Hence the American 'Do you feel like brandy and water this morning?'—that is, disposed for the unseasonable refreshment. 'Out of sight the best' is Scotch, but not nice Scotch, for 'by far the best.' Curious that 'straight' in Scotch should mean 'tight' in English! 'Shut the door upon Mrs. T.' means, though no one might guess it, 'shut the door to keep the draught from Mrs. T.' In the same volume we read more about 'Leyden's cold remains.' They are 'honoured with every respect by Lord Minto!'

* * *

The following sonnet, for golfers, *et non aultres*, is contributed by a sentimental player. Every one deplores the wretched results of using iron clubs to make the 'approach' at golf. The old baffy spoon, an elegant weapon, is disused, except by the wisdom of age. To the flippant certain remarks on 'spoons' may be suggested by the sonnet, which is very finely touched by the melancholy of old age and sweet remembrance.

THE WEARING O' THE GREEN.

My Heart is like the wearing of the 'Green,'
Where Irons, Cleeks, and Brasseys ruthlessly
Scar the mild turf; those wither'd sods and dry
About the Links are far too often seen!
Some lay the 'divots' where their home has been,
But there, all parched and lifeless all they lie,
Spurned by the dull foot of the passer by,
A wretch, perchance, who holes out in thirteen!

And so my Heart was green and whole of yore,
But Love '*approached*,'¹ alas! and Time has ta'en
And stamped the fragment where it was before;
Yet ah, the solace of the years is vain!
My Heart is waste, and sandy, at three-score,
The grief is endless, and the scars remain!

BAFFY SPOON.

¹ In 'approaching' the Hole, an iron is too often used, with baneful results as far as the turf is concerned.

In the last number of 'The Ship,' Miss Mary Colborne Veel's verses were attributed, by an error of the press, to Miss Mary Colborne Peel. This lady asks, in a New Zealand paper, the difficult question, 'Why does Woman wilt?' Not that it is put in that American form; the critic merely remarks that 'the most miserable stories have been produced by woman.' She takes, as an example, *The Story of an African Farm*, but perhaps even Mark Tapley could hardly be jolly on an African, or any other farm. We are all pessimists at present, and when woman is a pessimist, her name is Mrs. Gummidge. The New Zealand critic asks whether *From a Garret* 'gives us sad pictures of frustrated hopes, and wasted lives, and doubtful outlooks into a vague eternity'? The students of the book may answer for themselves. However, the colonial critic has discovered a book by a lady which may be gay enough, for it 'combines a scientific spiritualism and enthusiastic Christianity, with no slight admixture of Swedenborgian principles, and an entirely new modern gospel of electricity.' No time for pessimism there. But, indeed, it is true that, if our times are far from festive, our novels, especially novels by ladies, help to eclipse the gaiety of nations. We scarcely seem to be sons of the people who welcomed *Pickwick*. *Sursum corda*, an author might say, and might write about some better humoured and less melancholy age. But the *Zeitgeist* is too strong for most novelists. The famed foreigner, Dostoevsky, and M. Zola, and M. Maupassant often seem to be in the mood when man delights them not, nor woman either. A piercing consciousness of the misery in the world fills their pages, and to read them is about as gay as to read the daily papers. Perhaps it might be as well to mend the misery we can reach, and, for the rest, be as happy as we can in the aspects of nature. But the endless rush into hideous towns prevents us from seeing the only things worth seeing—as the Greek pessimist sang—the sun, the stars, the sea, and the shapes of the hills. These never change, except to new colours of beauty; these never beg, nor threaten, nor preach, nor sorrow, but are eternally beautiful when we do not darken them with our melancholy. But we rush into crowded boxes of brick and stucco, and that's the humour of it. On the other hand, the sight of nature does not seem to have done much for the author of that woebegone work, *The Story of an African Farm*, a farm on which people were always tackling religious problems, or falling in love on new and heterodox lines, instead of shooting deer, and finding diamonds, or

hunting up the archæological remains of the Transvaal. Greek cities are in ruins there, if Mr. Frederick Boyle's *Fetish City* is a true tale. One might do very well in the Transvaal if one did not 'gummidge.'

The verse of the day is as dolorous as the fiction. Editors lie in wait for a gay and merry Muse, and nothing comes but wails of broken hearts, blighted affections, and the general nothingness of existence. The younger amateurs appear to have been brought up on Rossetti alone, with Young's *Night Thoughts* for Sundays. If 'a merry bird,' like Mr. Thackeray's Bulbul, dares to chirp, a merry bird, or a merry bard, the newspaper moralists throw things at him, and denounce his indifference to problems and questionings. So a correspondent appears to think in the following jungles:

THE MELANCHOLY MUSES.

A weary lot is his who longs
 For something bright in rhyme;
 Men, women, children send me songs,
 Sepulchral or sublime.
 The songs are all of bale and blight;
 Alas! I do not need them,
 For almost everyone can write,
 And *nobody* can read them!
 Has merriment gone wholly out?
 Have *all* the hearts been broken?
 Must every mortal sing of doubt,
 From Peebles to Portsoken?
 Men rhyme of penalties and pains,
 Forgetting joy and wassail;¹
 The Muses dwell with stripes and chains
 In Bunyan's Doubting Castle.
 Ah, *there* have all the Pleasures fled,
 The Cupids all departed,
 The Muses that to dance we led,
 Light-footed and light-hearted!

¹ He says he knows this is a bad rhyme, but better than none at all.

AT THE SIGN OF THE SHIP.

Will ne'er a Knight go blow the horn,
 And knock that Giant over,
 Dispel the dark, let in the morn,
 Give every Muse a lover?
 Sad maiden Muses, vowed to pain,
 Too long, perchance, they've tarried;
 There never will be joy again
 Till every Muse is married! J. M. R.

ANDREW LANG.

The 'Donna.'

THE EDITOR begs to acknowledge the receipt of the following sums. Contributions received after April 11 will be acknowledged in the June number:—

Ada Bilton 5s. Ole Brer Fox 2s. 6d. Brer Rab 2s. 6d. Wilson Mappin 1l.
 Col. Herrick 1l. E. E. E. 5s. J. I. 1l. M. L. M. 2s. F. P. 1l. Mrs. Prince 1l.
 Susan Nipper 2s. 6d. A. G. M. 5s. L. C. 10s. Mrs. Reeves 5s. E. C. M. 3s. E.
 S. Galton 1l. H. S. 5s. M. I. 10s. E. C. T. (sixth donation) 5s. Miss L.
 Aldridge 10s. E. 5s. Rev. F. B. Portman, 2l. E. L. S. 1l. W. C. Huckelsby
 2s. 6d. V. M. 1l. Adams 5s. W. Pybus 1l. 1s. Ar 5s. Collected by A. M. S.
 8s. 6d. A. J. W. 5s. K. B. 2s. 6d. 'Too long neglectful' 10s. 6d. Collected by
 Frank Gotto in Rio de Janeiro 15l. Grandmother 2l. Mrs. Turnor Baker a scrap-
 book. Mrs. Field three scrap-books.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor requests that his correspondents will be good enough to write to him informing him of the subject of any article they wish to offer, before sending the MS. A stamped and addressed envelope should accompany the MS. if the writer wishes it to be returned in case of non-acceptance. The Editor can in no case hold himself responsible for accidental loss. All communications should be addressed to

*The Editor of LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE,
 39 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.*

